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ILLUSTRATED



JUNE

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED
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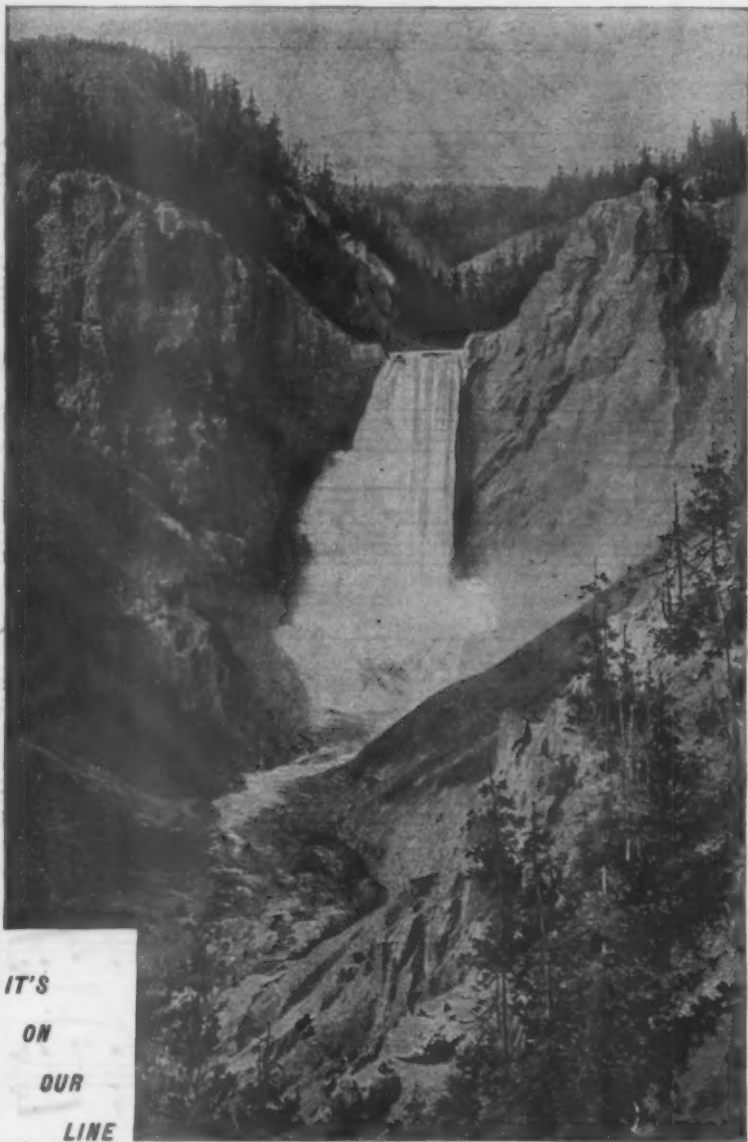
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The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The dynamics include *p* (piano).

The third system of musical notation. It features a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The dynamics include *f* (forte).

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

The fifth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). Pedal markings 'Ped.' are present at the beginning and end of the system, with an asterisk (*) between them.

JOLLY HUNTSMAN.

Echo. pp *f*

p *f*

sf sf sf

sf sf p

f *Ped.*

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EARLY MORNING.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1895.

VOL. LXV.

No. 6.

THE KINDERGARTENER.

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

HERE is a field which women seem to have almost exclusively to themselves. There are men who theorize on the subject of kindergarten-ing; there are those among them who oppose and those who disapprove, and they have proved themselves useful too in donating money and in collecting it, and in influencing legislation and in securing buildings, but there are not many if any who are practical kindergarten teachers. There still remain some who look back upon their own infancy behind a desk in a schoolroom as the only efficacious road to ultimate learning, but luckily such are becoming fewer and fewer. In proof of this we have the fact that the kindergarten system is gradually gaining a foothold as part of our common school education. It has already been introduced into fifty New York schools and it promises speedily to be introduced into as many more. Indeed, during the past thirteen years there has been a free kindergarten movement from east to west, or more properly from west to east, all over the United States. Previously the kindergartens were largely private, experimental and within the limits of well-to-do classes only. From 1873 to 1877 St. Louis stood as the sole representative of free kindergarten work in this country. In 1878 Professor Felix Adler, the president of the Ethical Culture Society of New York, inspired a system of free kindergartens in San Francisco. The first and most notable there, known as the Silver

Street Kindergarten, was under the tutorship of Kate Douglas Wiggin, a woman who has since made herself famous on two continents through her charming stories. She declares that her early kindergarten experiences have proved invaluable in educating her knowledge of human nature.

The mere mention of the word kindergarten, however, calls up a host of familiar names. Among them possibly the most prominent are those of Mrs. Kraus-Bøtte who studied under Frøbel himself. Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, to whom we were indebted for the kindergarten's first permanent impression in the United States, and Miss Susan Blow, each of whom has endlessly reiterated warnings against the misdirected efforts of half trained teachers. Only those who have studied thoroughly and well can appreciate how injurious these efforts are. It is the old story of a little learning, but when it seeks to experiment on the tender brain and physique of an undeveloped child one can scarcely form an estimate of the injury done.

We all have a vague idea of what a kindergarten is. We know that a number of children meet in some room, where there should be plenty of air and sunshine, where some older person keeps them in order, plays with them and talks to them. As some ignorant ones understand it, it is a mere day nursery for taking care of those children whose mothers or guardians are too busy or idle. But the real kinder-

garten is in no sense a nursery. It is a school and a highly scientific one at that, which aims to implant in the minds of the youngest children the fundamental ideas of art, of science and of constructive beauty. In the

garden of children, and Miss Peabody, in one of her essays on the subject, which for years she held nearest her heart, shows that the name is a singularly apt one. As the gardener studies the individual nature of his plants,



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The Founder of the Kindergarten System.

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Some one who knows considerable about kindergartens and kindergartening observed the other day that nine-tenths of the kindergarteners with whom she had come in contact, carried on their faces perpetual and therefore strained smiles, as who should say, "We are the bearers of sunshine." Now of course this attitude becomes somewhat tiresome and irksome both to the disciple and the onlooker. As the gardener acknowledges that rain and shadow and gloom even must come to his plants, so must we be prepared to see it touch our human ones. He protects them, so may we ours, but why deny that there is such a thing as shadow?

Kindergartening to the uninitiated seems like play, but it is play with an underlying motive, a fixed purpose. Not a motion of the colored balls, not a position of the steel rings or an arrangement of the blocks being made without reference to some mathematical or fixed law. It is probably the best agency for setting in motion the mental and moral machinery of a little child that it may do its work in its own way. The child's hand is trained by giving it certain toys and occupations, succeeding one another in a carefully planned order. Even the toys form an analytical series. The children are taught to think, habits of observation are cultivated, the senses are sharpened, in short the whole design of the kindergarten is to rear virtuous, self-governing, law-abiding citizens. To achieve this result it is plain that the kindergartener must be a person of no

ordinary calibre. Her personality has the strongest effect upon the children with whom she comes in contact, the power of her example is enormous, the children will imitate her language, her voice, her manner. At the very beginning of her career it is well that she should dismiss from her mind any idea that it requires less ability or culture to educate a child of three than one of ten or fifteen. She will speedily learn that to be a proper sort of kindergartener requires the most perfect development of womanliness, wielding infinite patience and absolute self-control.

Imagine yourself in a room with thirty or forty ragged, unkempt, undisciplined children, such as Mrs. Wiggin has described in "Patsy" as "pows of variegated hues," for the free kindergarten is now in such lucky abundance that it is strongly probable that your duties at some time will carry you among the poorer tots, where punishment and harsh words are unknown and where you may consign the sulky, selfish or disobedient child to no worse a doom than enforced idleness or absence from his comrades. Riotous play and vigorous spirits should not annoy you, for activity is natural to a child, and you should appreciate that in proportion, as children tend to be violent they are vigorous—you should therefore strive to make their abundant spirits a help instead of a hindrance. You will perhaps be startled and shocked when, from between pouting lips, you hear oaths hurled instead of soft, pretty baby words; but you must consider home, the alley, the hovel where the child has been reared, and you should feel only compassion and sympathy. Every mother and nurse knows how hard it is to meet the demands of a child too young to be taught to read, and she can easily appreciate what must be the trials and tribulations of the young kindergartener. There is no doubt that her fine qualities must be infinite. Everything that tends to increase the happiness and unfold the imagination of the child must be carefully studied and developed by the good kindergartener. She must prevent dis-



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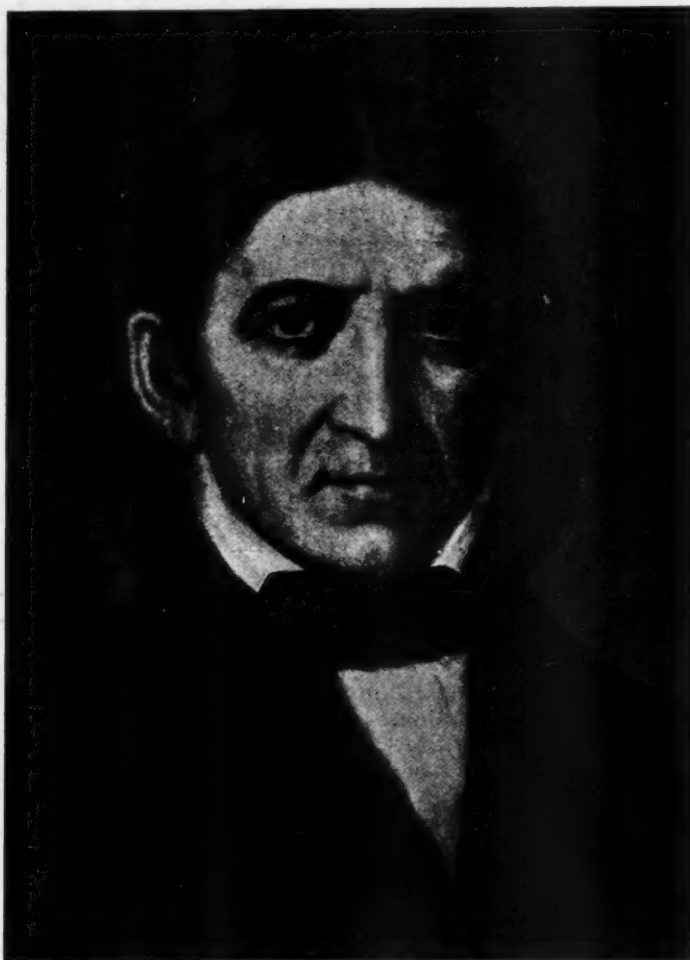
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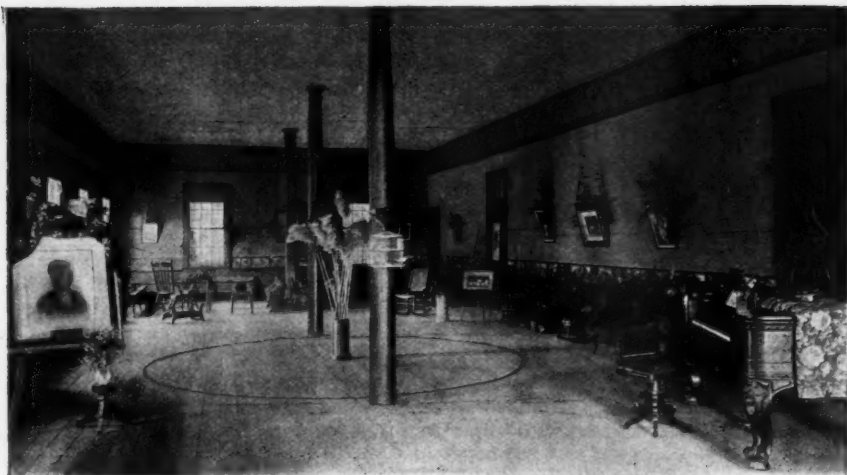
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A ROOM IN SILVER STREET KINDERGARTEN.
San Francisco, Cal.

order by employing and entertaining the children, so that they are kept in an accommodating and loving mood by never being thrown into a necessity for self-defence; she should govern them entirely by the law of love. To do this effectually she must be full of resources. By means of her own cultivated understanding and imagination should she command the child's imagination and heart. Indeed, a person without imagination and culture should not be a kindergartener. However, to know one's exact limitations, the recognize one's proper fitness, constitutes the chief element of success in any line. Circumstances may make a certain vocation easier than another, the necessity to make a living enters too largely into one's undertaking. It is easy to say, "Do something else;" but when one has no decided talent in any one direction "something else" is vague, and it is perfectly comprehensible that one should turn to the vocation that presents the largest facilities.

There are several training schools for kindergarteners in New York where the terms are not too difficult and where aptitude and insufficient means may easily lead to a scholarship. At the Workingman's School which was

founded by the Society for Ethical Culture it is necessary that applicants for admission should be at least twenty years of age, should present a High or Normal School certificate or its equivalent, should be able to sing and, mark this, so difficult of proof, should have a genuine love for young children. In this school the tuition fee for the first year is \$75.00 and for the second \$50.00. At the Teacher's College the terms are a trifle higher. Here there are also a limited number of scholarships subject to conditions which may be learned on application, and established by the trustees of the college or through private liberality. The course covers a period of two years, leads to a college diploma and is made practical from the first because the students have the privilege of observing the workings of a kindergarten, and at the close of each week of observation they are required to hand to the kindergarten whose work they have observed, carefully prepared notes giving an account of what they have seen and how they have understood it. Senior students have the privilege of a certain amount of practice with the children, having for the time the entire responsibility of the work in gifts and

occupations. So important is the care of these very small children deemed that only to the seniors—those who have proved their right to remain in training—is permitted the privilege of practice.

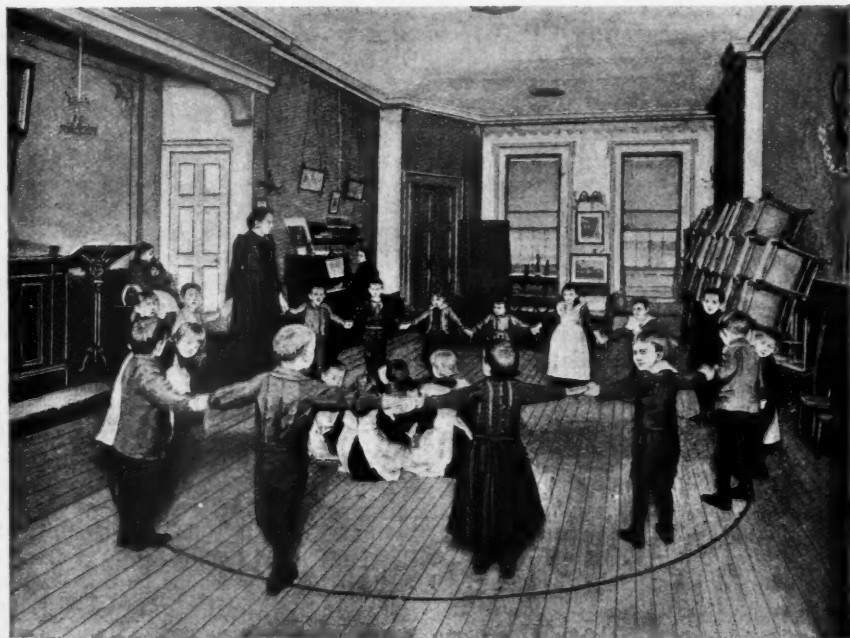
Let us glance for a minute at what a course in kindergartening includes according to the catalogues of the first-class trainers.

Psychology is largely in evidence in order that the student may be equipped with a scientific knowledge of the mind of the child and with the power to observe and study children intelligently. The term also includes a course in the History of Education consisting of lectures, readings from standard authors, papers and reports of observations, hygiene, including ventilation, temperature, lessons in form, drawing and color, music, physical training, Delsarte, botany and science, the study of minerals and of animal life besides the theory of kindergarten, the gifts and occupations and games and songs and

story telling and kindergarten management.

To learn kindergartening the kindergartener becomes a child herself. She goes to school with the children, learns with them and from them, joins in their plays, cultivates and displays her ingenuity by making something out of the simplest materials. With the commonest "gifts," out of ordinary blocks or cubes, for instance, she may start to build a lighthouse, some of the blocks will represent rocks to be avoided, some ships, some water, or she will suggest a hencoop with chickens inside and a fox outside. It all becomes real to the child's imagination, he begins to have plans and ideas which the sympathetic and imaginative teacher draws out and assists, "always adjusting his course of education and all his efforts as nearly as possible to nature."

The gifts and occupations, which are so constantly mentioned in the kindergarten work and which seem to



AN OBJECT LESSON.



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

the casual observer only so many toys and amusements, all have an object clearly defined to the mind of the kindergartener. Briefly the gifts are those materials which may be used in different ways without changing their original shape. They are used analytically and their primary object is the communication of abstract ideas by concrete symbols. The occupations are the materials which are changed in working with them and become inconvertible to the original shape. They are used synthetically.

There are thirteen gifts and eleven occupations during the use of which the child insensibly begins to learn about the outer life of the world of nature and human work. Their simplicity is admirable, and yet while they all seem like play, the head and hand, eye, and the heart, too, are educated. The child learns to do things for himself and his imagination is stimulated. A glance at the gifts shows us for the first one balls of bright-colored, knitted wool, hard enough to resist a blow and so bounce from the object of contact and yet soft enough to yield to the fingers when firmly pressed. Next we have a box containing the sphere, the cube and the cylinder and in this the kindergartener maintains the child is conducted from an idea or standpoint already familiar to a new link. Thus in the second gift the child recognizes his old friend; the ball, and will at once com-

pare the hard, wooden sphere to the soft, woolen ball. He observes that it makes a noise unlike the first gift, that a noise may be made by tapping the ball on the table, etc. Under the guidance of the kindergartener he learns how to play with these gifts to his greatest advantage, and so train the eye and the hand. The third gift is a wooden box with a sliding cover, containing a wooden cube divided by three lines, two perpendicular and one horizontal, and making eight parts. The kindergartener understands that this subdivision stimulates the child's inquiring and investigating spirit. The first and second gifts, you may have observed, are wholes—indestructible units. The fourth, fifth and sixth gifts are all cubes differently divided and bearing intimate connection with the previous gifts from which the child unconsciously and simply learns the geometrical properties of square and cube roots and solids. In the preceding gifts the child has dealt with solids, with the seventh, the tablets. He can only represent pictures of horses, chairs, sofas, etc., not the real objects themselves. The eighth gift consists of connected slats, composed of ten small pieces of wood, fastened together by a nail, but which are movable and which may be converted into different shapes, representing the outlines of almost any form. This leads to the ninth gift, the disconnected slats or slat interlacing, out of which various forms may be made—fences, lattice work, etc. Stick laying, the tenth gift, carries the child another step in advance from the concrete to the abstract. It is followed by ring-laying, which serves to introduce him to rings, the embodied curve, circles and half circles. The thread game which follows, is simply "drawing with the given line"—the thread instead of with the pencil. The thirteenth and last gift is the point which is represented by seeds, shells and small pebbles. So with the gifts, which the child looks upon as games simply. He passes from the body to the plane, the tablets to the line as represented in

the sticks, circles, half circles and in the thread game.

In the occupations which go hand in hand with the gifts, and which furnish work as well as play, the child becomes accustomed to see sharply and accurately; he learns to judge distances and directions; he also acquires neatness of execution, the head gains strength and the eye accuracy. The occupations consist of perforating, sewing, drawing, coloring, mat weaving, paper interlacing, paper cutting, pea work, card modeling and modeling. The real kindergartener—the careful mother—has observed that all children

only useful to the child on account of the mental training which they afford, but often they can be utilized in the practical affairs of life. As an example of this, Mrs. Kraus-Boelte tells the following occurrence: While she was still studying with Froebel's widow a stranger called one morning, bringing with him some large object wrapped in paper. He explained that his little boy had been a pupil in her kindergarten and that he himself was a joiner by trade, but latterly he had become greatly discouraged and disheartened with his work. One day he watched his boy playing with some chips that



CHILDREN AT STUDY.
Silver Street Kindergarten.

love to dig in the sand; to make mud pies; that they revel in the soft snow that yields itself to the manufacture of forts and balls and snow men; that they will roll little pellets from soft bread and delight in the pushing and pulling of a handful of builders' or glaziers' putty; that they all have an impulse to reproduce familiar objects; that they love to take a pencil and scribble, even aimlessly. These natural instincts the kindergartener utilizes in the clay modeling and drawing.

The gifts and occupations are not

were scattered about his shop, and he noticed that he had made a combination of very beautiful forms which he kept changing regularly and methodically. He soon found himself learning from his little one the law of opposites, and as a result he had manufactured some very beautiful tables, the surfaces of which, formed according to the rules practiced in the kindergartens, were inlaid with parti-colored wooden triangles. He had called upon Mrs. Froebel to express his gratitude and to present her with the little table which

he had designed under his child's direction.

With all these gifts and occupations the proper teacher interweaves suitable stories and songs. She maintains the precision and order which is one of the fundamental principles of the system. She tries always to bring out the individuality and the true nature of the child, avoiding the implanting of ideas and feelings foreign to his character, personality and surroundings. She bears in mind always that frequent changes must be made in children's games and occupations; that games for individual children must succeed games for the whole kindergarten; that games which involve sitting or standing must succeed games which involve action, the chief aim being to train the child harmoniously on all sides. She should try always to play with it and to develop it in such a manner as to transmit and suggest. During the ring laying, for instance, she will take occasion to give much information about iron, about its extraction from the mines, about the life of the miners, the properties of iron, etc. Her object should always be to lead the child to observe, to compare, to think, to deduce for himself, to gain control over his body and mind and so become a human and sympathetic nature.

Visit some kindergarten on Thanksgiving Day and watch their delight and joy in serving an imaginary dinner. They will go gravely and earnestly and with relish from course to course, they will use their paper knives and forks, pretend to empty dishes, ask for more, imitate their elders in manner and conversation and enjoy themselves much as they might if it were a "really truly feast." I have known a child who lived for weeks in an imaginary world, representing some creature of her own manufacture and, let me say, having selected a high example she lived up to it scrupulously. As Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith she could do no wrong and simply a word of reminder was sufficient to bring her from some insubordination back to good behavior.

A gift for story-telling is indispensable to the successful kindergartner, it is a magnet that will draw the little ones about her with wide-open eyes and eager ears. They will appreciate every degree of taste and care that she expends in this direction, they will be as critical as an older audience and she cannot be too careful in her selection of subject and language, but she must have a care to make the word-picture simple and within the grasp of her youthful listeners. The impressions made by these stories will often last through life; if they are beautiful ones, they will endure with pleasure; if horrifying and hideous, the child's mind becomes distorted, and fear is cultivated where there should be only trust and love. To be a good story-teller one must be endowed with sympathy and above all an understanding of childish feelings and intellect. Sometimes it is wise to connect the story with some kindergarten game, when it may be acted out. To be a proper playfellow the kindergartner must be healthy and active; she must lead the games so cleverly that they appear to be free and guided by the children, while all the while she has a perfect control of them. She must be their playmate, entering into their feelings, assisting and following where their imagination leads, all the while stimulating and accompanying them with songs or words, giving expression to thought and feeling. For even games in the kindergarten world are not without an object. There are some for physical development; some for controlling and some for quieting influences and some which represent life and occupation.

It has been estimated that the cost of establishing and maintaining a kindergarten of fifty children for one year is about \$1,400, and the average salary paid a competent kindergartner is perhaps \$50 per month. In conclusion let me say that it is an indisputable fact, that capable kindergartners are rare, and that the demand for such is great, increasing constantly as the kindergartens become more numerous.

MY COLONEL.

BY CORA K. WHEELER.

WE sat on the floor in our white night dresses, our toes close up to the bed-room fireplace. Warm and cozy, we felt natural for the first time that long cold day. We dreaded bed and the darkness. Our mother had been laid to rest that afternoon and the gloom and strangeness that had pervaded the house was still in our hearts. Lina lifted her blue eyes to me at last, with a solemn look in them. Lina was a year older than I and I had great respect for her opinion.

"Madge have you thought how dreadful it will be for us, if she marries him? We'll have to have a stepmother then or else be sent to boarding school."

"She" was our Cousin Emma (a niece of our mother's side of the family), who had been brought up in our house, and whom we loved as our sister. She had been our mother's devoted nurse all through her long illness of three years; she had been to me sister and mother in one. I heard her tell mother once that all she knew of home or love had come through her and that she would try to repay by her care of us. And now here was this young captain coming way back from California; just for love of Emma, we heard people say. But mother's extreme prostration had so completely shut Emma up with her this winter, that his opportunities had been few; though there were always "flowers and books" and very often short drives that helped Emma to bear the confinement of the sick room, when mother insisted on her accepting the invitations. But all these things seemed only "kindness and politeness" to my childish mind of twelve, and until Lina said the words that night, the dreadful possibility of losing Emma had never dawned upon me.

It took me several minutes to grasp

the full significance of Lina's remark, then my head went down in my hands and the tears came and I declared that "no one should have Emma—ever."

"He's in the parlor now," said Lina. "Let's keep awake until he goes and listen over the banisters for his good-night; perhaps then we can tell if they are engaged."

"That's the very thing," I answered. "They always kiss then and say 'good-by darling' and all sorts of silly things in novels, if they're engaged. I have read lots of them this summer, since no one has had time to see what we read."

So an hour later, we crept out into the cold hall, and heard only the most ordinary conversation going on beneath us. We hung over the banisters, and as we did, the cold air that crept up the stairs made two little sneezes fall suddenly on the air. We heard Emma laugh and we crept back into our rooms crest-fallen; so we missed the good-night after all, and were no wiser for all our pains.

"Girls were you listening in the hall when Captain Gray left?" Emma asked a few minutes latter, and two guilty heads looked down at the floor and managed to say:

"We've got to know if you're going to marry him, for we're going right off to be missionaries if you are. We are just as good Christians as any one else, and we are not going to stay here and have a stepmother, I can tell you."

Emma actually laughed. "You may consider yourselves capable of instructing the poor heathen, but I hope you will not tell them 'peeping' is one of the Christian virtues; and as to my leaving you, you may be perfectly easy on that point. I promised Aunt Anna (and Emma's eyes filled) that I shall never go away while you need me. Now, hurry into bed, and I'll read you



"GOOD-BYE LITTLE SWEET-HEART."

two chapters in 'Wide, Wide World' to make you sleepy."

But our minds were not quite eased. We had been left to ourselves much of the time this last year, and our imaginations were filled with the love stories that had fallen into our hands. Stories good in themselves, no doubt, but not suited to the minds of two school girls. We watched Emma, but she did not

lose her appetite or start and jump at every sound and place her hand on her heart, as we were sure she ought to do if Cupid's arrow had pierced her. Lina took pains to be in the parlor when Captain Gray called, and when he asked for Emma, told him "she would call her, but she did not think she wanted to come, for she had said first she was busy the last time she called

her for him," and then she had flown to tell me that Captain Gray had bit his lip and hadn't seemed pleased at all. After a little we noticed that when Emma refused to ride, he would turn and include us children in the invitation, and we would thereupon add our entreaties to his, and then very often she consented. I have thought since she could not refuse our eager

petitions, knowing the treat a ride was to us, and I suppose she thought the gentleman could not misconstrue her consent; but at last there came a day when she did refuse, and he took us alone. The same thing happened once or twice, and from being his secret enemies we became his most devoted admirers. He always treated us just as though we were young



BEFORE THIS BRIGHT LIGHT WE SAT AND DREAMED.

ladies, and girls are quick to notice and appreciate that courtesy from any man. We decided privately that we would accompany Emma and him to California, for papa never took any notice of us apparently. He stayed at the office more than ever now; and Captain Gray will never stand higher in any one's admiration than he did in ours that Spring.

One day when we came from school, we found Captain Gray alone in the hall, his hat in his hand, and on our begging him to stay, he told us he could not, but he put an arm around each of us, and told us he had only come for a good-by, as he was going back to California that night. "Without Emma?" I gasped. "Won't she marry you then?" He kissed me suddenly; there was such pity and love in my eyes, that he never thought of repelling the confidence, he has told me since. "No, little girl," he said, "I shall have to be content with my little lady love now; will she wait for me, if I'll come back after her when she's sweet sixteen?"

And I looked up and said soberly:

"Oh! yes, if you'll always have good horses like you did this winter!" at which he laughed and kissed me, and said "It's a bargain then," and left us.

"Why, Madge," Lina said, "you are almost engaged yourself now."

"Almost," I said scornfully; "I consider myself quite engaged and I'm going up to the library to learn the rest of 'Elaine.'"

"Well, Elaine didn't marry Launcelot," said Lina. "I don't see what you learn that for."

"Well, she loved him and she waited for him a long time," I answered, "and I am going to learn that part and skip the dreadful ending."

A few days after, papa asked Emma if she knew Captain Gray had gone West again? and Emma said very quietly, "yes."

She didn't even blush, but I dropped my knife and knocked over my glass, and finally left the table with a rush to lock myself into my room and sob in

what I considered a very love forsaken manner. But underneath it all was one little serious thought.

I would be true and keep my promise to Captain Gray.

And I knelt down and asked God to keep me so, and in my childish mind was never a thought that I had only comforted for a moment an aching heart. The years passed. I had learned not to speak of my secret to Lina now. Lina was growing very practical, and the last time I mentioned my engagement, laughed at me and explained how foolish I was to take that childish affair seriously.

We had never heard a word from Philip Gray since his departure. His people were Ohio people, whom we seldom met. We had a stepmother now, but we had lost our desire to improve the heathen, for our stepmother was our own dear Emma; and as Lina said at the wedding, (when we went up to offer our congratulations) "we ought to congratulate ourselves, Emma, that you have taken him yourself and kept out the rest," those standing near may have smiled at the blunt girlish speech, but Emma put her arms around us and said:

"I understand, dear, it's all right."

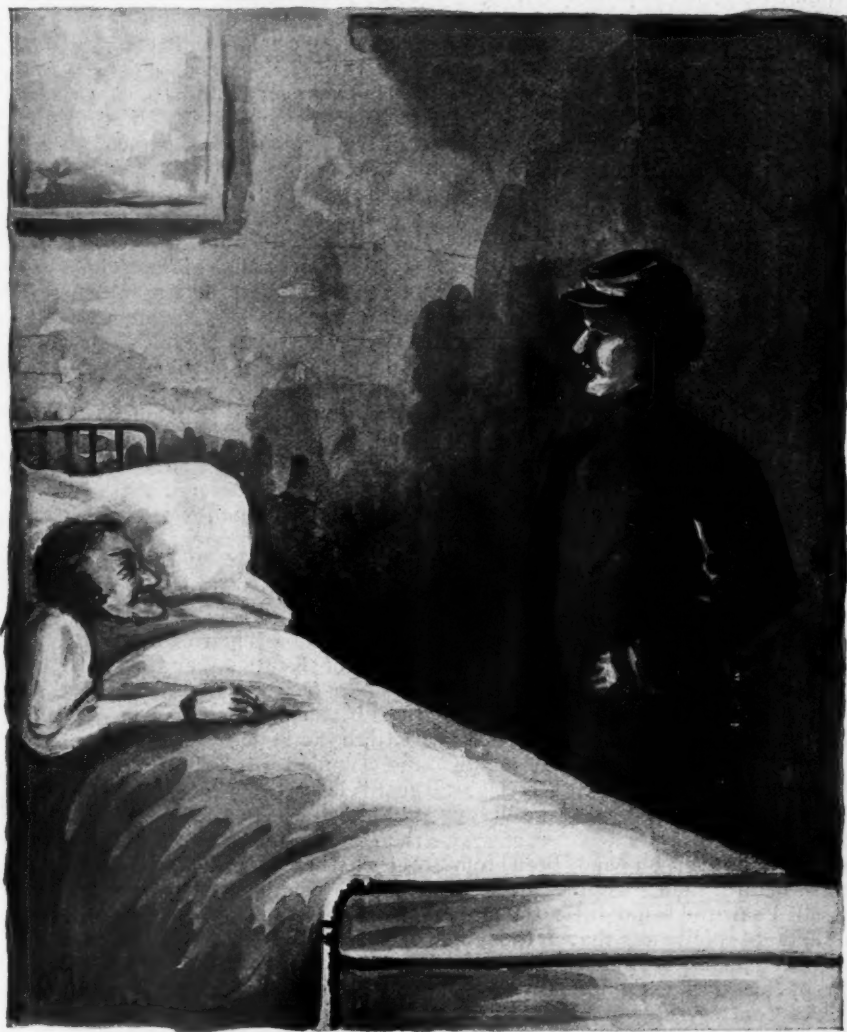
I still cherished my childish romance and I had added to it, and woven into it all my highest aspirations until it colored my whole life; all the more perhaps, that I knew it would be ridiculed if it were known. It's a more solemn thing to banter children than older people always realize. The winter I was sixteen I never saw the mail distributed without my heart increasing its pulsations. I never saw a stranger coming towards our house, that I did not strain my eyes to make out the well-remembered features.

I was sixteen. Of course he would come this year. I had thought of him constantly. I passed my examinations for his sake. When I won the prize in the elocution contest, I scarcely heard the professor's words of praise, my head was so full of the thoughts of his pleasure over my success. Then the war came with all its excitement.

Bedford was too near the Ohio shore not to be swept and tossed on the tide of political differences. Kentucky stayed in the union, but we knew that half her peoples' sympathies were with the South and we knew not whom to

years ago; I see he is colonel of the Eighteenth Ohio; they have called him home; it's his old home regiment."

"He's an old West Pointer," Emma said, "but I thought he left the army years ago."



MADGE IN DISGUISE AT THE COLONEL'S BEDSIDE.

trust. One day in the fall of that first year, papa said to Emma at tea-table, "do you remember that old friend of yours, "who went to California four

"So he did, but this war brings all the old army fellows out again. He's to be at Camp Farro soon, waiting for transportation, I've heard. We'll have

him to the house if he comes as near as that."

I flew up stairs after dinner, my face on fire and my eyes shining. Lina was on her bed sick with headache and had not been at the table. I knelt by her bed and I told her breathlessly.

"Why, Madge, have you kept that nonsense all these years? It's too silly; it's pure imagination. He's never even thought of you since," were Lina's words.

I gathered myself together, I tried to appear natural, but I counted the days; and I waited. After all, the deception was just as hard for my girlish heart to bear, if it were an innocent one.

One night papa ushered into the library, where we were all assembled, our old friend, with a new title, "Colonel Gray."

Emma went forward to meet him and had her hand shaken in a calm, pleasant manner; and then the Colonel turned to us.

"Can these be my little admirers of '57?" he said. "I shall be pleased to hold the place in their regards to-day that I held in the old time," he added laughingly to papa, and then he turned to Emma again; not a word or a look recalled to his mind that parting scene in the hall four years before. I felt the tell-tale blood creeping into my face as I caught Lina's merry glance. This was the end, then, of those fervent childish prayers; that pure childish love. I could not see any signs of the age he accused himself of showing. A little fleshier, perhaps, at twenty-nine then he had been four years before; and, as the evening passed, I saw the same little thoughtful acts of politeness that I thought then, and shall always think, were one of his greatest charms. Little acts of courtesy spontaneous and unconscious. He was often in our house in the weeks that followed. His departure was deferred from week to week. I think the inactivity tired him as much as it did the rest, but no one ever heard a murmur from his lips. "You will have time enough to fight

boys; it won't be over before we get there," he would say.

I think he realized more than most of them the magnitude of the struggle. I heard him say to father one day that "the South would have splendid officers—some of the best from the regular army," and he added, "I know from my West Point life the 'grit' that is in them."

He was very kind to us girls; he took us to camp. We felt it was fine to have a colonel for a personal friend.

I believe he had conquered his love for Emma, and that the memory made a deep and tender friendship possible on his part. Emma always had that mystic power which so few people have of turning her lovers into friends and of keeping her friends friends always. He treated Lina and me as though we too were friends, but with a little difference; we were always children still to him, I felt. Dear children, but so far behind in years as to belong to another generation.

Then, he was ordered south, and the weeks and the months passed and reliable news was scarce. Papa was at Frankfort most of the time to aid in the great struggle to keep our State in the union, and we three women were much alone. Then came Bragg's invasion of Kentucky and the war was close to our own door before we realized it. Then, one day we heard of Corinth and among the names of the wounded was Colonel Gray's. We heard later he was in a hospital at Williamstown, in an adjoining county; then I felt I must go to him and find out whether or no he needed care. I was eighteen that year, tall for my age, afraid of nothing, but totally inexperienced. I knew it would be useless to mention the subject to Emma or Lina, so I declared my intention of going to Owentown to stay with Aunt Jane, till her danger was over.

Aunt Jane was all alone on her place and papa had been trying for weeks to make her come to us. Emma thought it "kind" in me and Lina thought it "brave," so no objections being made, I set out three days later. Those



THE STIRRING WORDS OF THE POEM RANG OUT.

three days I needed and I was busy most of them in secret consultations with our old tailor, whom I persuaded to make for me a present I wished to take to Alvin Jones, who was a scout way off in the Tennessee Mountains, but who had been our friend and play-fellow all his life. Owentown is only five miles from Williamstown and I had been with Aunt Jane only twenty-four

hours, when I announced my intention of improving my painting, by taking lessons of our old teacher, whose home was near Williamstown. Aunt Jane seemed to think it would be more in keeping with the times if I scraped lint, but made no serious objection, and offered me the black pony, and Ted, her colored boy, as an escort. Ted's devotion was not hard to obtain;

he had always considered it his highest bliss to run errands for Lina and me, when we paid our yearly visits to Aunt Jane. So, having previously hidden my scout's suit, (alas, poor Alvin Jones, he little knows the present he was supposed to enjoy would be put to such a use) in the woods and duly mounted and escorted I set forth. I gathered up my bundle in the woods, and when we came to a wood cutter's hut half a mile further on, I swore Ted to secrecy; (no very difficult operation) and unfolded my plan to him. His black eyes shone. No white boy of to-day brought up on "Buffalo Bill and the cow-boys" ever had a more boyish love of adventure, than black Ted. If my success depended upon Ted's fidelity,

it was secured already. Half an hour later when I came from the hut, duly rigged in my scout suit, his admiration was unbounded, and he assured me that the disguise was perfect.

All went well. I secured admission to the hospital, claiming to have a private message for the colonel. I hardly knew him at first. He must have suffered terribly and been much more seriously injured than we had supposed. His face showed the work and hardship of the campaign also, but I delivered my message of condolence in my father's name and offered to procure help or extra care as desired. I passed myself off as Alvin Jones (of whom Colonel Gray had often heard us speak, but never met) returning to his command after a furlough.

"I don't need care, boy," he said, wearily, "but I do need some one I can trust, for a dangerous errand. It may mean life and death to many, and it may mean death to the brave fellow who may undertake it, too; but it must be tried if any one can be found willing."

I touched my cap with a military salute and offered my services. It was not for that I had taken the risk, but I saw relief for the mind was what he needed, and I was willing, even at the peril of life, to give that. The affection of the child had become the all-absorbing thought of the maiden. He made me take a solemn oath of secrecy. He said, "he must trust me; that any boy my father trusted must be worthy. There were spies even in the hospital," he said, "and I must trust no one." He drew with his well arm a little plan of the defenses around Louisville, and he told me my errand was to evade the advancing Confederate Army, and to carry his plans to Rosecrans at Louisville. He said they were the results of certain scouting operations of his own just before he was wounded. I had plenty of courage; I believe I would have marched to Richmond, if he said it would have benefited him, but I felt my youth and inexperience as a great



THE COLONEL THOUGHT HARD.

burden when I passed out into the sunshine once more. I sent Ted back to aunty with a note describing an old school-mate I had met, and whom I should visit for a week or more. I asked her to lend me Ted, and before midnight Ted was back with the permission. I mounted the black pony and we started. I could never have done it except for Ted. He found out from the negroes the most deserted paths, and he procured food for us from the same source, and the evening of the second day found us only a few miles from the outposts; but we might have been fifty for any plan I could have laid out to gain an entrance, for between us and the city lay a regiment of Bragg's command.

We took turns in watching and when my turn came, and I sat immovable, staring into the darkness, (we dared not have a fire) listening to the sound of Ned's breathing and thinking of the dear ones at home, and the dearer one near Corinth, my heart sank, and nothing but the love that had grown with my youth and became a part of my being kept me from waking Ted and giving up. I was wrapped in an old "secesh" army coat Ted had obtained for me and in the gray and mist of the first dawn of a summer's day, I could hardly have been distinguished from a rock against which I learned. All at once the pitiful little voice of a child broke on my ear. "Take me back to Granny." "Take me back to my own little bed, I want Mammy," and then I heard the sound of a blow, and a negro's voice bidding the child be quiet or the Bogie man would come; and then I heard another negro women's voice saying in dialect that "Missus would be frantic when she missed the baby," and then I heard the first voice, cruel and revengeful, saying, "Black Mothers have lost their babies often enough. We'll turn the tables and take the white babies to the Yankees. They'll eat 'em."

And then from the conversation that followed I gathered that from old wrongs done to these women they had stolen their mistress's grandchild in

revenge and were escaping to join the Union troops. I neither moved nor stirred, though my blood boiled, but after a time the women's voices ceased and creeping out, I saw them sleeping in the hollow with the slumbering babe between them. Then I held one hand over Ted's mouth, while I shook him with the other and in a few whispered words I explained the situation to him. Ted caught the pony which we had fettered some little distance from us and I mounted and stood ready, while he crept cautiously back and lifted that sleeping child without awaking it or the heavy slumberers, and placed it in my arms, and we rode away. I had gathered from their talk that they came from a plantation quite the other side of the fortifications, so we took that road, I still carrying the tired and sleeping child and Ted running by my side. Just as the morning sun rose clear and high and we felt sure some eight miles lay between us and the women, we saw some negroes coming towards us, excited, talking and gesticulating, and I guessed our search was ended as indeed it was. They led us to a large white house on the veranda of which we found the frightened grandmother and two frantic aunts. We were besieged with questions and overwhelmed with attentions. My elocutionary training stood me in good stead now, as it had in the hospital. I disguised my voice, until even Ted could not recognize it, and my dark, short curls and heavy eyebrows were as well fitted to one sex as the other, heightened too by the faint lines I had drawn upon my upper lip. I determined to put all this gratitude to personal use, as soon as I found out that this family were in constant communication with the Southern troops. One of the slaves, having revealed (under the lash) the fact that black Chloe had said that she "would kill the baby before the lady should ever have it again," my demands would, I felt be granted if I could only persuade them my object was my own and not my country's. So I took the grandmother into my confidence and

revealed my love for a Colonel, (I did not say what Colonel) and my desire to take him some comfort, and find out if reports about his health were true or not. And the romantic cord which slumbers in every true woman's heart, no matter what her politics or position, and most of all perhaps in those warm-hearted Southern women, came to my aid and into the city she determined I should go. She wrote a note to the officer in command of the detached regiment who had dined with her the day before, asking him to permit me to pass his line, and enter Louisville, to care for a wounded Northern cousin.

Her devotion to the Southern cause being a well-known fact, the perilous entry that I had anticipated ended in my riding in on the black pony, in my own clothes, attended by Ted, in nearly as quiet and unpretending a manner as I could have ridden into Aunt Jane's gate. Once inside the rest was easy and before the week was over Ted and I were once more at the hospital. Colonel Gray received me, (or rather the boy, Alvin Jones,) with an embrace from his unwounded arm, and with every expression of admiration and praise; but to his question as to the manner in which I had accomplished my mission, I had but one answer. "The ways and means are my stock in trade as a scout, pray do not ask for them." "Well, said, my brave boy," he answered. "If I ever get out of this, I will do something to show my gratitude, If it were not a shame to deprive so brave a general as Sherman, I would beg you might be transferred to my staff; but as it is, I will do my best to have your merits known. Here," he continued, drawing a small diamond ring from his little finger, "I bought this once to give to the sweetest woman, as I believed, on God's green earth, but that was not to be. Let me put it on your finger, boy, in memory of the greatest kindness ever done for me by human friend." But, I dared not put my hand in his, so though I thanked him with a tremor in my voice, I contrived to jog the weak elbow, and the ring fell on the floor;

and the nurse coming back just as I found it, he motioned to me to put it in my pocket; and with a clasp of the hand I left him. Oh! how, I longed to stay and wait on him, but I dared not risk discovery. I had learned he was well cared for, on the road to recovery; and greatest boon of all, I had been able to risk my life in doing him a service.

It was months later. Bragg's invasion of Kentucky was a thing of the past, and we passed our lives in the old routine, save for that eager, anxious strain that kept our household (as so many others all over the land) strained, and on the alert for every rumor that told of the perils of our soldiers. Father's legislative duties kept him away a great deal. There were other ways men served their country in Kentucky than on the battlefield; and we women passed weeks alone.

On his return from Frankfort one day, father showed us a letter he had received from Alvin Jones, thanking him for his good offices in his behalf. He said "he understood he owed his promotion to some notice of father's to Colonel Gray; that his little efforts in behalf of his general had been noticed."

Father was puzzled over his letter, and Lina and Emma were unable to give him any light on the subject. As for me, I was glad it was dark and that no one asked me a question. I had never thought of that, and yet I said to myself, "I might have known he was not the man to forget a kindness." I could only hope that the fates would keep them both from a personal encounter. It was only a few months after that Alvin Jones, being home on a furlough, began talking to me one night about the mystery attending his promotion. He said he was "so anxious to meet Colonel Gray and find out for what especial act of bravery the promotion had been given."

Dear boy! I have no doubt he had done many a brave deed; and after all he was a good deal like the rest of us; we're none of us surprised at good

fortune; our natural self-esteem always makes us certain we deserve the best gifts fortune has at her disposal. Its only ill fortune and want of appreciation that puzzles most of us.

However, I tried my best to persuade him that as Colonel Gray was a very modest man such fervent gratitude might embarrass him, and to suggest that it would be as well to leave the opening of the subject to the older man, if chance should ever throw them together, as Alvin so wished. I could not flatter myself I made much impression, however. It was not many weeks after Alvin's return to camp before we were surprised by Colonel Gray; he came in with father one eve (his arm in a sling) and told us he had been "slightly wounded, and the old wound having sympathized, he had been ordered a month's rest, and had come to spend it among his old friends in Bedford."

In the days that followed he was much at our house. His old love had left a true warm friendship between Emma and himself, and with my father he had always been a favorite. He seemed different in some ways, though, his old way of treating us girls as though he was an older brother, had quite vanished. I used to think in those days that he preferred Lina's company to mine. He treated her so much more like the little friend of old, than he did me. Yet, I often found him looking at me with a puzzled look and at those times in self defense I was most coquettish and willful. I never expressed much interest in his exploits before him. I was a woman now, and I guarded my secret with all a woman's reserve.

One eve, at tea, we were discussing some heroic action the papers had mentioned and he told us several acts of courage that had come under his personal observation and finally said, "By the way, that's a brave boy you sent to me at Williamstown. It was no light thing to get to Louisville at that time as he did for me."

At which, of course, there was a storm of questions and exclamations.

Not one of them had remembered Alvin Jones until that moment, though I had dreaded it every day since Colonel Gray had returned to us. Father declared some one must have personated the boy.

"No wonder the boy couldn't quite understand his promotion," he added, "What kind of a looking chap was he, Colonel?"

But there must be an interruption. I felt this could not go on, so I said my little speech I had had ready ever since the Colonel's return.

"It isn't very wonderful to me, it was probably some boy friend of Alvin's who longed for promotion, having heard Alvin talk of Colonel Gray (and therefore probably of his visits to us) used his knowledge as a means to gain recognition from the Colonel. Very likely he was killed later on, and thus prevented from ever making any claim on the Colonel."

The explanation seemed possible to all save the Colonel. He shook his head and said:

"He was a noble fellow; he was no adventurer."

But I began asking so many questions just then about fortifications and defenses that they all became interested and the first subject was forgotten and after that I always found my tongue and had questions to ask if the conversation ever showed a tendency to return to "Scouts" while Colonel Gray remained among us.

It was '64. Grant was before Richmond; Sherman was at the sea, and the first glimmer of approaching peace began to stir in the land. We women of Bedford had borne our share of the burdens of the sanitary commissions, and one night we were to give an entertainment for the benefit of our fund. My elocutionary talents were always in demand at such a time, and on this night I was to speak "Barbara Frietchie," which was then, as now, in the mouth of every school boy, but was new, and thrilled our blood and stirred our hearts to patriotism as only hearts can be stirred that live in thrilling times like the days of the Rebellion.

I stood on the platform deepening my voice, to call out the now familiar lines:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog,—march on," he said."

when I caught a glimpse of my father standing in the crowded aisle and near him, his hand on his shoulder, Colonel Gray; but what had brought that eager intent look to his face? Why was he looking at me, Madge Clifton, as through he had never seen me before? And yet, though the look was new to me; it was a glance from eye to eye—soul recognition—as though for the first time I stood revealed to him, in all the charm of my womanhood. How I finished I never knew. Quietly with nothing to attract attention I am sure of that, through the room swam and a mist was before my eyes. I slipped into the dressing room, and I thought, "a woman would gladly die for the sake of keeping in those eyes that look of love and admiration."

He was standing in our parlor alone with his arm on the mantel, and his hand shading his eyes, when I came home that night. He came forward and took both my hands in a fervent clasp the moment he saw me. I could not raise my eyes in the old saucy way by any effort.

"Madge," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "I pray you, as you hope for mercy hereafter to show mercy to me and answer me one question. Were you at Louisville in '62? Have you any ring Madge, darling, that would solve the whole riddle and make a new life for me? I have been puzzled at times these two years past by an occasional resemblance, but never till to-night did the least light dawn on me as to the identity of the brave boy who risked his life for my sake. Ah! Madge, dear, men do such acts for glory and country, but a woman adds to these some greater motive still! Can I hope, darling, it was for love of me as well, that the brave deed was done?"

No need to ask further; my looks had answered him and I was gathered to the shelter of that great heart, which had held me captive since my childhood days.

How sweet to hear that from the ashes of young manhood love, a love had begun to dawn for me in those first days in camp, but that he felt his added years had no right to absorb my youthful admiration. He said before he returned to Bedford for convalescence, he had found out that the love of his mature manhood held him in for tighter chains than that young man's passion, but he thought he saw in me a coldness and withdrawing of myself, as though I had surmised his secret. Ah! that was when I thought him changed and feared to betray myself and he determined to at least hold his old place of friend and counselor. He had almost given up hope when that night, the tones of my voice had brought back the sound of that youthful scout's, which he had never forgotten, and as he gazed on me the recognition had come in a flash, (the way things come to a woman I told him) and the thought that if his surmise was correct "some stranger feeling than childish friendship had animated my heart."

He told them all the story an hour later, and Lina and Emma wept over me and father grew white while he listened. And that night at our bedtime talk, that is always Lina's and my best visit, Lina told me that she did not believe I was one whit prouder of my Colonel's war record than he was of mine—and she added almost solemnly:

"I believe you've never had but this one love in all your life, though we have never dreamed of it."

And her words carried my thoughts back to my Colonel's parting words:

"I shall make you happy, darling, in spite of the years between us," and I had answered: "I have my heart's desire, there can be no question of age or suitability between us, Philip, when you think of 'my long love for you as girl, child and woman.'"

BOUND AS WITH CHAINS.

BY JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

I WOULDN'T try to write that letter to-night, father; you are too tired. Wait till morning.

"Why, mother!" And Mr. Adams pushed up his spectacles and looked at his wife with a fretful expression on his usually placid face. "Is not to-morrow Friday? This letter must go this week, and you know I can't write it to-morrow."

"Sure enough! I had forgotten what day it was. That makes me think Jimmie must have his overalls to put on Monday morning and I can't cut and make them Saturday, on account of the churning; so I must begin them to-night."

Long before Mrs. Adams had finished speaking, she had crossed the room to an old-fashioned secretary, and taken from one drawer a roll of blue denim and from another a newspaper pattern, tied with a strip of Jimmie's last overalls to distinguish it from his father's similar pattern; then transferring books, papers and cover from the table to a neighboring chair, she elevated the table's leaves and spread her cloth and pattern thereon, much to the amusement of a young man, who sat by an open window, enjoying the sleepy sounds and faint indescribable odors which accompany a long summer twilight in the country.

Two huge millers fluttered about the small kerosene lamp which Mrs. Adams lighted a few minutes later, to assist the waning light, and Frank Walker, watching dreamily their "dance of death," forgot his amusement in the perplexing side of the little episode he had just witnessed. His uncle's voice aroused him.

"Smith is going to town early in the morning, so I guess, mother, I'll just slip down to see if he won't mail this for me," he said. "Want to go for a walk, Frank?"

"Certainly, Uncle David," said Frank, rising with alacrity, and the two went out into the gathering gloom together.

This was Frank Walker's first visit to his uncle's home since a small boy. He had spent a few weeks there once with his mother, and he found he knew very little of genuine country life in the few days spent each season at sea-shore or mountains. The quiet, simple life his uncle's family lived charmed him; he had not yet seen enough of it to tire of its monotony, while everything in nature delighted him.

Especially the sunsets and the long twilights which followed, seemed as restful and soothing as the "holy hush which follows prayer," and he wrote home to his sister:

"No one, I am sure, whose whole life is spent in the country, will ever commit any great crime, or be tempted to enter a convent."

Mr. Adams rambled on garrulously of his work and his farm, needing no answer and seldom pausing for one, and Frank scarcely listening, walked by his side, enjoying it all.

"That looks fine," he said at last, pointing to a field of grain, now dimly seen in the fading light, "I stood and watched it to-day, when the wind swept over it—a billowy sea of green."

"Yes," said his uncle, a trifle pettishly, "it looks well enough, but it isn't going to head. I'm powerful sorry about it, but Jonas (well he's the best-hearted fellow there ever was, Jonas is) but he is awful careless. You see, I was away a few days in spring's work—had to be—and Jonas, he just put that grain in, in the new of the moon. Mother ought to have watched him, but she didn't think he would be so careless. Why, I wouldn't had it done for anything! He started to put in the peas, too, but mother

she saw him when he went to the house for 'em, and just put a stop to that."

"Why, what harm does it do to plant anything in the new of the moon?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"Why if you put seed into the ground in the new of the moon—the grow of the moon, we call it—you won't have any kind of a crop. Grain won't head, potatoes and onions will all go to tops, and peas and beans to vines; and you won't raise enough to get your seed back."

"I don't see what the moon has to do with it," said Frank, incredulously.

"I supposed it depended upon the fertility of the soil and the care you give them, whether they grew or not."

"Oh," you're not much of a farmer," said his uncle good-naturedly.

"I suppose you would kill your hogs just whenever you pleased, without thinking whether it was in the old or the new of the moon, either."

"Certainly, I do not see how the moon or all the stars in the firmament can effect it. Pork doesn't grow out of the ground like grain, does it?" asked Frank a little sarcastically.

Mr. Adams went off into a hearty peal of laughter at what he called his nephew's ignorance of country affairs; then, as they had reached home by this time, he walked away toward the barn, leaving Frank at the gate.

"Strange?" thought the young man, as he lingered under the spreading maples. "Strange that Uncle David should be so superstitious and narrow minded, and he my mother's own brother, too! I don't believe she ever was like that; I can't remember everything about her, of course, but I cannot recall a sign or omen, or anything of the kind. It must be Aunt Serena has taught it to him. The children have it, too; Jimmy wouldn't go fishing to-day because a toad crossed his path and he would have bad luck in consequence. Bah!" He walked slowly along, till seeing a light in the dining-room window, he sprang lightly up on the veranda and looked in at the window. His cousin, Myra,

was laying the table for the next morning's breakfast, and he stood and watched her as she moved listlessly to and fro. She reminded him of his mother only, as he remembered her face, it was always cheerful, while Myra's, when in repose, was inexpressively sad.

"Is some secret sorrow preying upon her heart; has she loved and lost, I wonder?" he asked himself now, as he had so many times, the last three days.

He tapped lightly on the window. She looked up quickly and he was pleased to see the glad light which came into her eyes when she saw him there.

"Come out of doors, when your work is finished, won't you?" he called, persuasively.

She nodded pleasantly and in a few minutes joined him outside.

"It is too pleasant to stay in doors," he said, drawing her hand within his arm. "Come down by the gate, it is lovely there, under the trees. Ah, there is the new moon. Look. 'Pale crescent of the western sky?'"

To his surprise Myra gave a startled cry and covered her face with her hands.

"What was it?" he asked, in much concern. "Was it a bee or a bat? Are you hurt, cousin? Tell me."

"O why did you make me do it?" she moaned. "Why did you make me do it?"

"Do what?" he asked, in amazement.

"O everything is against me;" she went on, unheeding him. "And now I have seen the new moon over my left shoulder, there's no use trying. O what shall I do! what shall I do!" and turning, she fled away from him into the house.

Frank gave a low whistle. "I can't help it, there! I declare! one would think he was living in the days of ancient Hellas! Well, I am prepared for anything now, even to Uncle's sacrificing his pet heifer to consult the auguries!"

A half hour later he re-entered the

sitting-room where his aunt was putting away her work.

"Finished your work at last, Aunt Serena?" he said, as he crossed the room to go to his chamber.

"Yes; they're all cut out, and I had splendid luck with them. I knew I should, for I sneezed just as I began work, and that is a sure sign of good luck, you know."

Frank smiled a trifle sarcastically, but only said, "Good-night, aunt," and sought the solitude of his own room.

Once there, he threw back the shutters and sat down by the open window to think it all over. "I must say I am surprised and a little disgusted," he said, at last, "to think that people—my own kin, too—should be so silly. I'm afraid I shall say something to hurt their feelings before I leave, it is all so ridiculous. This is a 'landscape' for which I was not prepared."

Matters went on the same as usual for the next few days, save that Myra seemed more sad and listless than ever and there were dark, heavy rings about her eyes which betokened sleepless nights, while her mother watched her with an anxious, troubled expression. Frank, out of respect for his uncle, tried not to notice the superstitions which held each one of the family in chains of bondage, but he resolved that Jimmie should have his faith in such things shaken, if possible, before he left.

This was not difficult to bring about, for Jimmie, who was completely enamored with this new cousin, was his constant companion, and together they fished and hunted, and tramped over hills and through woods in search of adventure. Whenever Jimmie would declare, by some sign or other, that they would have bad luck that day, Frank used his skill to the utmost to bring about success, and when Jimmie was sure of good luck, Frank's carelessness would, if possible, secure a failure.

"What do you mean by luck, anyway?" he asked one day, when Jimmie

was obliged to return to the house for something he had forgotten and had declared it was a bad sign and they would have bad luck in consequence.

"I don't believe in luck; I believe in skill. Of course, if I am foolish enough to go fishing a day when common sense and experience tells me the fish won't bite, I can't expect to have good luck, but when it is a good day for fishing I expect to catch a basketful, whether it is on Friday or not, or whether all the signs ever invented are against it."

"Don't you believe in signs," asked Jimmie, in astonishment.

"What kind of signs?" asked Frank.

"Why—signs—like going back after you have started, or seeing the new moon over your left shoulder, or meeting a toad, will bring bad luck; or if you dream of some one who is dead, you will have a letter—or dream of eggs, you will quarrel—or—or—your ears burning when folks are talking about you—or—"

Here Jimmie paused, his face very red; it had never seemed so silly before and he wished his cousin would not look at him so queerly.

"Oh," said Frank, dryly. "That's what you mean by signs, is it? Let me tell you the signs I believe in. I believe if a man takes pains to cultivate his soil, to put in the seed when the time comes and carefully tends his crops, that it is a sign he will reap a bountiful harvest. I believe when a boy tries to do right because it is right and cultivates all the manly virtues, it is a sign he will be a man to trust and honor; but when a boy lies and cheats and delights to play tricks on the weak and defenseless, it is a sign he will grow up a bad man. I believe in such signs as those, but as for those relics of ignorance and barbarism, you mentioned—the devil's tom foolery I call every one of them. Why, I believe the Almighty God rules over this universe, and I won't insult Him by thinking He tells people what is coming to pass by such silly, disgusting things, or signs, as you call them."

These were new ideas to Jimmie and he looked at Frank with open-eyed astonishment.

"As for Friday being an unlucky day," went on Frank, "the Lord made Friday as well as the other days of the week, and what is more, in the works of the creation, He made man—the image of Himself—on Friday, the day people are so irreverent as to call *unlucky*. Why, boy! some of the grandest things ever accomplished in this world have been done on that day. Surely you know Columbus discovered America on Friday?"

"Yes; I suppose so," said Jimmie, rather shamefacedly, "though I never thought of it before. Well, here we are," he added, "I hope the fish will bite good to-day, anyway," and Frank seeing his evident desire to drop the subject, left him alone for the time and went further up the stream.

"I am going to a tea-party, this afternoon, Cousin Frank," said Myra to him, the next day. "Two old school-mates, who moved away from here a few years ago, are visiting at their uncle's and their cousin has made this tea-party in their honor. Don't you wish you were going too?"

"Indeed I do," said Frank, "I should think they might have invited me, too. I can't knit lace nor crochet table-scarfs, but I can sew on buttons, ma'am, as well as any one. Why can't I go to a young ladies' tea-party, I'd like to know?"

"Crochet table-scarfs!" laughed Myra, "what a funny fellow you are!"

"At least I can have the pleasure of driving you over, can I not?" he asked, pleased to see her interested in something, for once.

"Unfortunately, father is going to the village after dinner and will take me along with him. But you can come for me at night, if you wish," she added, shyly.

"That will be better still," cried Frank. "I shall greatly enjoy a ride in the gloaming with my fair cousin."

"How pretty she is when she smiles," he thought, as Myra left him to attend

to some household duty. "There must be some reason for her sadness. I begin to believe it is some *affaire d'amour*. I'm going to ask Aunt Serena about it this very afternoon."

Fired by this determination, he skillfully brought about the subject as they sat together in the cool sitting-room, she with a huge mending-basket by her side and he on the broad old-fashioned lounge by the window.

"I am just worried to death about about her," said Mrs. Adams, pushing up her spectacles to wipe her eyes. "I have tried and tried to find out what ails her; I've even had old Dr. Shaw over here to see her, but he only gave her a tonic and told me to keep her out of doors and to make her life as pleasant as possible. The Lord knows I would do anything in the world to make her happy, but nothing I do makes a bit of difference with her. I was real glad when you wrote you were coming, for I thought you might cheer her up a bit. You did at first, but for the last week she has been worse than ever. I fear she does not sleep nights, for I find her pillow wet in the morning. O dear! no one knows how a mother feels to see her only daughter fading away before her very eyes."

The good woman choked and was unable to go on, while Frank looked steadily out of the window but saw nothing.

"Is there—are you sure there is nothing troubling her mind—that she is not feeling bad about something or somebody?" he asked, at length.

"You mean does she care in particular for any one?" she said, picking up once more the blue sock she was darning. "No, I don't think there is anything of that kind. She never was a girl to flirt, or to go with many different fellows. She and Charlie Boyd have been good friends from childhood, and whenever there is any frolic she usually goes with him. I thought, as you do, that perhaps there was something the matter between them, but I watched them pretty close for awhile and I couldn't see but they were as good friends as ever. No, it is noth-

ing like that, I know. She would tell me about it, if it was."

"I am not so sure about that," thought Frank, rising and walking to the door, as though to look down the road. "Young girls sometimes keep their love affairs from their mothers. It is some stranger, probably, or some one whom she knows her parents do not like."

"Frank; come back here, I want to tell you something," called his aunt. "I want you to have a talk with Myra," she continued, as Frank once more seated himself beside her.

"Oh, no, aunt!" said Frank, in some confusion. "You know we were strangers less than two weeks ago, and if she won't give you her confidence, is it probable she will me?"

"I think she will," replied Mrs. Adams decidedly. "The more I think about it, the more anxious I am to have you try it. If you only will, Frank," she pleaded. "I'll never forget it as long as I live and I will do anything you wish for you in return. I worry so about her, night and day."

"Well, aunt; I'll do what I can," said he, reluctantly, "but don't expect too much. I am not much of a father confessor and I may succeed no better than you have done."

His cousin's hostess came out into the porch to greet Frank, as he drove to the front door that night.

"I am afraid Myra is ill," she said, with the confidence of a country belle whose every word passes for more than par value. "She had a faint turn at the tea-table, and has scarcely spoken since. Here she is; don't she look dreadfully?"

Frank was indeed shocked at his cousin's appearance. She looked so white and ethereal, and there was such a hopeless look in her sad eyes, that he helped her into the buggy, without a word, and drove quickly away, feeling the greatest kindness he could do her would be to take her away from the curious glance of her companions.

Instead, though, of taking the direct road homeward, he took a

longer route which his uncle had showed him the day before, where the highway ran alongside a little stream of water, called by the townspeople the "Branch." This was one of the loveliest drives to be found anywhere in that region. Clumps of bushes and flowering shrubs edged the noisy little stream, on the one hand, while on the other tall, shapely hemlocks, with now and then a brighter maple or quivering, whispering poplar, stretched away up the slope, in stately dignity, as if conscious alike of their beauty and refreshing shape.

The sun had just sunk behind the spur of the tree-crowned hill, a swamp-robin sang its one sweet, rippling song, over and over again, to its mate, while off in the distance a golden plover whistled and a red-brest sang its good-night song.

"What is it, cousin Myra?" asked Frank, after they had rode some distance in silence. "Something is troubling you?"

Her head only bent lower, and he saw she was making a great effort at self-control.

"I do not believe in a person's telling all he knows;" he went on, in a matter-of-fact tone. "And I know one loses one's self-respect by being too confiding, still, sometimes, confession is good for the soul, and troubles which are black as midnight, in the brain when put into words, will melt away like mist before the sun. Wouldn't it do you good to tell some one your troubles? You can trust me," he added, as she gave him a quick inquiring glance, "Perhaps, too, I may be able to help you."

"No one can help me," she said mournfully.

"Perhaps they can now," he said, reassuringly. "Try it and see."

"I have often thought if I could only tell mother it would be a relief, but I dare not. It would worry her so," she said at last, trying to speak calmly. After a few minutes' pause, she added with a great effort: "I am going to die, cousin."

"Oh, I hope not," cried Frank.

"At least not just now! We must all die sometime, I suppose; but what makes you think so, Cousin Myra?"

"I have had warnings," she said slowly and Frank turned his head away quickly lest she should see the scorn he felt.

"Warnings?" he repeated in as quiet a voice as he could command.

"Yes; warnings," said she, speaking more freely now that the ice of reserve was broken. "I broke a looking-glass first, last November, just a few days before Thanksgiving, and that, you know, is a sure sign of death in the family before a year passes. I worried so all winter for fear it might be mother or Jimmie. Mother wished me to go back to the Academy for the winter term, but I felt I could not leave them, if we must so soon be separated. But this spring I commenced hearing the death-watch ticking in my room, and I began to think it was for me, and just a few nights before you came, I dreamed I was married, and then I knew for sure I was going to die. It will be soon now, this is my last summer on this beautiful earth."

Her voice faltered and died away in a whisper.

"And what happened to-night?" asked Frank, determined to get the whole of the story.

"Oh, to-night, there were thirteen of us sat down to the tea-table! I did not notice it, at first, and when I did I just gave up—I could not help it—I felt it was no use hoping against hope any longer; my fate is sealed."

The utter hopelessness of her tone touched Frank's heart and checked the sarcasm that sprang to his tongue.

"Do you not believe in God, Myra?" he asked after a little.

"Why of course I do," she answered, in some surprise.

"Don't you believe he is a God of power; that He has created worlds and holds them in their places by the strength of His hand?"

"Of course I do, Frank," and her tone was indignant this time. "I am not an unbeliever."

"I should judge that you were."

"What do you mean?" she asked, hotly.

"Just what I say," he replied, coolly. "If I really believed in God, I would not attribute to Him anything so belittling as warning people of coming death by sending a little wood-louse to tick in the walls of their rooms, or by making them break a looking-glass, or any other piece of furniture. Such things are relics of barbarism, and remind one of the days of ancient Greece or Rome, when people were so bound about by superstitious chains that a general would not lead his men on to certain victory if the signs were not favorable. Why, cousin, they would not only split open a live dove for the purpose of getting some sign or omen from the heart before it ceased to quiver with life, but practiced other cruelties most revolting to recall."

She shuddered and drew her shawl more closely about her.

"But that was before the time of Christ," he continued, "so there may be some excuse for them; but for us in these days of Christian enlightenment there is no excuse whatever, and we insult Almighty God, whom we profess to worship, by believing such things."

"Why! do you not believe in sigs?" she exclaimed, in much the same tone her brother had asked the same question.

"Certainly. I believe when the buds begin to swell, and the dandelions and crocuses push up through the ground, that it is a sign that spring has come; and when the leaves fall from the trees, the chestnut burrs begin to open and snowflakes fill the air, it is a sign winter is near. But that an itching eye or hand, or burning ear, or toad crossing one's path is a sign anything unusual is to happen in consequence, I do not believe, of course, for I believe the Lord reigns and our times are in His hand."

These were strange ideas to one who had been taught the superstitions of signs and omens, along with the catechism and Apostles' creed. She recalled now, how some of her school-

mates had laughed at her signs and called them silly, but this new cousin went farther and called them sinful. Was it really so?

They had left the shady Branch road by this time, and were climbing the hill toward home. The shadows of night had deepened and the stars were coming out, one by one, into their accustomed places. Lifting his hand to the star-lit heavens, Frank said solemnly:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, only." And cousin, if He had intended us to be guided through life by signs, He would have inspired David to add: "Thou hast ordained the tiny wood-louse to tick in the wall, to warn him of death; thou hast set apart Friday as an unlucky day; thou hast ordained that he may break every piece of glassware in the house, but a looking-glass, and live; thou hast given up the control of his affairs to countless, insignificant, ridiculous signs, which shall determine his good or bad luck, forever; thou hast ordained the moon to be always seen over the——"

"Cousin Frank! I call that wicked!" interrupted Myra, indignantly; and he was pleased to see she sat very erect, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Do you?" he said with provoking coolness. "Why, it does not seem one bit more wicked to me than your conduct does. As I said before, I can look at it in no other way but an insult to the Lord. I am sure when He said 'I will guide thee with mine eye,' He never meant you to be so bound about with the chains of superstition."

They were both silent for a long time after this. Myra was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and her cousin had succeeded in making her thoroughly angry; while at the same time her conscience was aroused to the consideration of what was wrong and what was right in the matter.

"I have a plan to propose to you, Myra;" said Frank, at last, as they were nearing home. "I thought of mentioning it to your mother this afternoon, but concluded finally to wait till I had talked it over with you. I want you should visit us in the city this winter. My half sister, who though really no relation of yours, is waiting to give you a cousin's welcome, and we will all endeavor to make your visit there as pleasant as possible, if you will only come."

Myra did not answer. To visit the city had been the dream of her childhood, and her unconscious sigh of delight was distinctly heard by her cousin. So he proceeded, in a leisurely fashion, to recount the pleasures awaiting her there.

"I want you should come by the first of November," he said, in conclusion, "and remain till after the holidays; and if you live till then, my fair cousin, you will be convinced, will you not, there is nothing whatever in signs?"

He was helping her from the buggy as he spoke, and she drew away from him playfully and ran blushing into the house.

During the rest of his visit, Frank Walker endeavored, with an energy of purpose, which his friends used to say always carried success along with it, to break the fetters of superstition which enthralled his uncle's family.

Jimmie, whose inquiring mind had been awakened to the possibility of error in the family traditions, helped him much by his questioning, while Mrs. Adams, though calling them both "venturesome young reprobates" for daring to be so skeptical, was ready to laugh with the rest when some pet sign of hers was worsted, for Myra's invitation to the city, to which she attributed her suddenly regained cheerfulness, had completely won the good lady's heart.

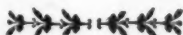
Christmas morning Myra Adams, in her uncle's city home, was assisting her cousin as he festooned a spray of holly over the mantel. Suddenly he turned toward her, the end of the festoon still in his hand.

"Well," he said, complacently. "You are alive yet, Myra. You have not only lived through November, but through December as well. Don't you begin to think you were very foolish to give such ridiculous ideas a place in your brain?"

A sad look came over her bright face. "I am more and more convinced of it every day," she said, gravely, "and living in a family who give no heed whatever to such things, shows me it

was not only foolish but wrong. Still, you must know it is very hard to disbelieve the teachings of one's childhood, and it will take a long time, and be a severe conflict, I fear, but it can be done—it must be done."

And Frank Walker smiled as he contrasted the bright-eyed, resolute young woman before him, with the pale-faced, tearful maiden whom he first met, not six months ago, in her father's home.



THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

BY LORA S. LA MANCE.

IT all came about from that long sick spell of Henry's. He had done two ordinary men's work in the counting room year in and year out, but the inevitable break came at last when least expected, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. He had been brought home to me unconscious, and for weeks lingered on the border lands of death. It was December when he was taken ill, and it was March before he was able to sit in his reclining chair, and April before he could walk across the room. Even then he was so listless and apathetic that good Dr. Grace looked very grave over his case. In my anxiety I began to talk of a trip to the seacoast, or to some noted watering place.

"Tut! Tut! My dear madam," said Doctor Grace, in his brisk, brusque way. "You don't want to take Mr. Sylvester to any such place—too many people there altogether. He is tired out. I want him to spend six months in absolute rest—go somewhere where he does not have to be sociable, or regard his p's and q's to be in the swim. I know the very place for him—a little backwoods hamlet with less than four hundred people in it, but kinder mortals you never saw, or those who stood less on ceremony. There you have

it—old-fashioned people, country fare, fresh air, water from a spring that bursts out from the foot of a mountain, clear and cold, and equal to the best in its action on torpid liver and sluggish digestion. In short, madam, he must go; I have ordered it, and will accept no excuse."

The upshot of it was that May 1st found us on our way to Edendale. The invalid was quite worn out when we left the cars behind us, and was very ill indeed before the twenty miles of stage road between the railway station and Edendale were traveled, and for two weeks afterward never left his bed. From the moment, however, that we drove up to the old-fashioned Southern mansion that had been metamorphosed into a hotel, every possible comfort that Edendale afforded was ours. Had Landlord Perry and his charming wife been intimate personal friends they could have done no more for us. The other boarders walked on tip-toe through the halls; the village doctor, cheery Doctor Holt, was unremittent in his professional zeal; Mr. Lacy, the druggist across the way, went gunning every morning that the sick man might have stewed squirrel; Mr. Wilson, the merchant, sent up strings of shining bass

and speckled trout that he had caught with hook and line; Mrs. Galt, the grocer's wife, sent us each day a bowl of great luscious strawberries; and Mrs. Smythe, the amateur florist of the town kept our two great vases filled with beautiful flowers. The very children of the place brought the sick man offerings of wild flowers, pretty pebbles and bird's eggs. We had lived so long in the busy, noisy city, where no one had time to know his neighbor, that these pastoral kindnesses quite won our hearts. The delicious country fare of fried chicken, cream biscuits, new-laid eggs and fresh vegetables whetted our appetites, and I could see that Henry, having once commenced to gain, showed improvement each day. As he gained strength our neighbors' kindness was shown in new ways. Often Squire Orcott and his buxum wife would drive over after us in their roomy carryall, and give us long, health-giving rides over the pine hills, or through the chestnut-wooded valleys. Sometimes Landlord Perry would mount his sorrel pony and join my husband in his morning rides, or play croquet with us under the shady maple trees, though he was so fat that he puffed like a porpoise at every little exertion. All too soon the summers rolled away, and we prepared to turn our faces cityward and leave this peaceful vale behind us.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nannie," said my husband, confidentially, the evening before we started, "I'm thinking of closing out my business and coming back to Edendale, where people have time to live and enjoy each other's society. This quiet little town in the heart of the valley is well named, it is Eden indeed!"

"Eden didn't have worm-eaten rail fences that would break down if you leaned your weight on them, nor blackberry briars in every fence corner" I answered, a little savagely, I fear, for I was at that moment mending a great tear in my favorite gingham, that had been made the day before by an inglorious fall from a rail fence into a briar patch on the other side.

"Pooh! What's a briar or two?" asked my husband, who, as he had no dress to mend, or scratched hands to cold cream, could afford to be philosophical. Of course there are a few minor discomforts that were not known in the first Eden, but in one thing this Eden is superior, there is here no serpent. No enemy, ill-will, jealousy, or back-biting. Think of that Nannie, and agree with me that it is worth giving up all the "luxuries and conveniences of our city home to live in this paradise of brotherly good-will. I dread going back to the cold cynical world, and I wish to-morrow would never come."

To-morrow came, whether we wished it or not. As Mr. Sylvester dislikes to get up early, we did not take the seven o'clock morning stage, but engaged the one livery man of the place to take us a couple of hours later. Promptly at nine, the stage dashed up to the hotel door. The driver gave the reins to some one else, and came at once to our room where we were gathering up our belongings, greeting us with bucolic frankness as he did so.

"Morning, sir. 'Morning, Mis' Sylvester, Myrtle May got left this morning, an' she wants to ride with us as far as Cedarville this morning, if you folks aint any objections."

"Certainly," was my husband's quick response. "I am sure both my wife and myself will be pleased to relieve the tedium of a twenty-mile ride by conversation with any of Edendale's inhabitants."

Now if the truth was told, it must be acknowledged that the driver received this courteous speech with a most peculiar grin, for which I could see no good reason. Mr. Sylvester never noticed it. He had employed many idle moments that summer reading poetry, and the musical alliteration of Myrtle May touches his sentimental fancy. "What a charming name," said he to me, as he gathered up valises, shawl-strap and umbrella, "I fancy its possessor is a shy country lass with soulful eyes, and the bloom of the peach upon her cheek. We

must make our mutual journey a pleasant one to this timid, shrinking girl who has seen so little of the world. Don't you think so, dear?"

I did not reply, for by this time we were in the hall, and between the hand shakings, and the good-bys of our host's family, and the dozen or more neighbors who had dropped in to see us off, there was little time for talking. As my husband handed me into the coach, I naturally glanced at the lady who was to be my traveling companion. Alas for the soulful eyes, and peachy bloom! I hope I was too well bred to betray surprise in my countenance, but I could not help giving an inward start at the unprepossessing figure before me. The lady looked to be something over forty years of age, angular, shallow, and wrinkled, not so much by years, as by a habitual scowl that drew her mouth down, and filled her forehead with ugly little lines. Her jaws were square, her lips as tightly shut together as a rat trap, while her ensemble was completed by a thin, sharp, hooked nose, and a pair of the coldest, gray-green, look-you-through-and-through eyes I ever saw. Someway they reminded me of snake's eyes, and I said to myself, "Perhaps Henry has found his serpent in Eden after all. I wonder if he thinks now that the name is any indication of the person that bears it."

Our fellow passenger only acknowledged our in-coming by a stare. However, Mr. Sylvester, who is nothing if not polite, courteously touched his hat, and expressed his pleasure at having companionship on our long and rough mountain ride.

"Humph!" retorted our new acquaintance disdainfully, "I don't see as it makes much difference to you, whether you liked it or not. This rig ain't yours, nor the road either, I'm a thinking, if Hank Brown did trappe after you to see if it suited you for me to ride with you. I'd be ashamed if I were him, a runnin' my legs off for rich folks as won't notice him, an' lettin' his poor old mother be on the county, an' his sickly wife a taking in

washing to buy her an' the children a calico dress now and then."

Her voice rang out so shrill and high that I involuntarily exclaimed, as she paused to take breath, "Oh, do hush, the driver will certainly hear you."

I have no doubt but that he *did* hear her, for I saw him give another one of those peculiar grins I had before noticed that morning; but he only chirruped the louder at his horses, while my *vis-a-vis* exasperated by my expostulator, took up the subject again, talking louder and shriller than ever.

"I don't care if he *does* hear what I say! I ain't a feared of the likes of *him*, a man that gets drunk, an' plays cards, an' gambles, an' fights! I ain't so mealy-mouthed as all that!"

That speech was a stunner. I felt as though I was shut up with a dynamite cartridge liable at any moment to explode, or a volcano ready to burst out in flames and showers of mud and stones at any moment. I glanced furtively at Henry, but he seemed absorbed in the landscape. I'll wager he was not thinking of soulful eyes, or shy country lasses at that moment!

There was silence in the coach for perhaps ten minutes, then our loquacious companion could stand it no longer, but struck up a monologue that lasted for the next hour, broken only now and then by an interposed remark by one of us, though indeed we rarely got a chance to put in a word edgewise.

"I meant to have gone in the hack this morning," she commenced, "an' I was all dressed an' ready, but the hack never come by for me. Come to find out, Zeke (that's my man) he'd forgot to tell 'em. I preached his funeral you'd better believe, for I was plum out of patience with his shiftlessness. Never saw such a man in my life! He just pokes along, an' never tries to do anything but hunt, with a pack of yaller dogs at his heels! If it wan't for me, things would be in a pretty mess at home, for *he's* no go, or get up in him."

Here she paused, and looked at us, as though expecting us to agree with her. Mr. S. had a convenient cough saved up for the occasion, and this saved the necessity of answering, though it unfortunately gave a pretext for further remarks from the amiable Mrs. May.

"Doctor Holt's been telling everybody that you came to Edendale a corpse, an' going back a well man. That holler, graveyard cough, sounds like it, I'm sure! You might be half dead with cousumption an' *he* wouldn't know it. He wan't nothing but a horse doctor before he come here, but he hung out his shingle when he struck Edendale, and cut a big swathe awhile till he killed Sam Foster's first wife—now he couldn't get to doctor a sick pig for those that know him. You didn't never hear of that Foster scrape. Well, I want to know! She had chills, and he give her morphine for quinine, never knowed the difference. She died in her sleep an' Foster he sued Doctor Holt for damages. Holt won the suit—he was too sharp for Foster. Lacy—that's the druggist—he swore he sold him the drug and it was pure quinine. People do say Lacy served a term in the Kentucky state prison for perjury, anyway, he'd swear to a lie any time for five dollars, an' everybody knows it. Then Holt he got Doctor Smith, who is drunk all the time and who don't know chills from brain fever, to swear he had treated Mrs. Foster for heart disease. Holt he swore she died of heart disease, and so he won the case. Nobody ever did believe it; an' if it wan't for a newcomer now and then, he'd starve to death. Mis' Holt, she's been bragging around that the doctor didn't give you anything but fever drops an' iron tonic, an' got a hundred dollars out of you.

"I have no objections to his treatment and I have enjoyed his companionship very much, as I have also that of other people in Edendale," answered my husband quietly.

"You don't know Edendale folks like I do or you wouldn't say that," retorted Mrs. May quickly. "It's

the wickedest place you ever saw, and got more hypocrites in it. There's Landlord Perry an' his wife. They've been married a dozen years, an' it would make a calf sick to see them hon-honeying around each other in company. I wonder you folks stood it one whole summer! Now that's every bit *put on*. It's awful the way they quarrel when they are by themselves. I know, for Mary Ann Starkey told me, an' she used to work there until Mis' Perry an' her had a fuss, an' Mary Ann slapped Mis' Perry's face an' told her she was a liar, then she had to leave, an' she come right to my house. You see, Mr. Perry he's dreadful jealous of her, an' he's got room to be. Her carryings on with a couple of her boarders was the talk of the town, an' she liked to have separated the merchant an' his wife, an' Wilson had to put all his property in his wife's name before she'd agree to live with him again, an' she an' Mis' Perry don't speak at all.

"Then there's Mrs Smythe, that lives in that big white house where there's so many flowers. She's always sending flowers to the sick, and clothes to the poor, an' talks an' prays in prayer-meeting fit to melt a stone. It's all *put an*, every bit of it, Smythe was a widower when she married him, an' I tell you she holds *his* nose to the grindstone! She carries the pocket-book, and he has to ask her for every ten cents, an' do just as she says about everything. Nobody's sorry for him, for he used to be dreadful mean to the first Mrs. Smythe, but it's too bad for his poor children. Mrs. Smythe has beat 'em time and again till they were black an' blue, an' one time she threw a cup of hot water over the youngest child an' liked to have scalded its eyes out. She said it was an accident, an' went off in hysterics, kicking and screaming, so it took three or four to hold her; but everybody knew where the accident came in!

"You needn't look so surprised. I could tell you more than that about some of the folks you're so thick with. When I heard of your ridin' around

with 'Squire Orcot an' taking dinner with the preacher, I said to Zeke: 'It does beat all how easy some folks is took in.' Nobody can fool me that way! I've seen folks as polite as a basket of chips, an' so smooth-tongued that butter'd melt in their mouth" (here she looked at Mr. Sylvester in a significant way that made him turn as red as a turkey gobbler) "an' I've seen other folks as always had a soft smirk on their face" (here she gave me a look that seemed to size me up and down, in and out, and made the cold chills run all over me), "but it never fooled me any. I could always see their meannesses right through it all, an' if there's anybody I don't like, it's those oily folks that are all put on.

"What was I talkin' about? Oh, yes, I was going to tell you about the Orcotts an' the Perkinses. I declare it makes me sick the way Mis' 'Squire Orcott does. At home, when there's nobody around but themselves, she's the most picayunish woman I ever knew. Why she would lay awake nights to save sleep, or skin a flea for its hide and tallow, but when she gets into company, how she will 'put on,' specially if she's around some one she thinks is worth a little more than she is, an' he's just as bad. Do you suppose they'd a-taken Zeke an' I ridin' two or three times a week as they did you folks? Well, I guess not! I reckon the 'Squire thought it would make his old slouch hat look more respectable in such close company with such a fine shiny stove-pipe hat, an' Mis' Orcott thought her old made-over alpaca would look more scrumptuous 'side your fine silk."

"I always wore a cloth suit when I went ridin'," I answered quietly.

"What if you did?" shortly demanded the redoubtable Mrs. May. "You went out to church in a silk that would stand alone, an' shiny things a-hangin' and a-quiverin' all over it, an' everybody knows it. Mis' Orcott 'll tell everybody for the next ten years how intimate she was with you an' how the 'Squire just doted on your

husband. Mebby she thinks company with fine feather 'll sweeten her bein' charged with stealin' her boarder's pocketbook an' goin' through his trunk! I reckon I could have a silk crazy quilt, too, if I'd take somebody else's silk handkerchiefs an' neckties to make it out of!

"Mis' Orcott ain't a mite worse than Mis' Preacher Dean is, an' I always did say it. When I heard of you folks takin' dinner with the Deans, I told Zeke I guessed you didn't know what kind of a woman Mis' Dean was, or you wouldn't have went there, if she was the preacher's wife. She——"

The stage stopped with a sudden jerk. The driver sung out: "Here's the crossroads where you're to stop, Myrtle."

Mr. Sylvester helped the lady to alight, and would have wished her a pleasant good-day, but the good soul was pouring out a stream of fervid eloquence that could not be checked, and Hank, the driver, lost no time in urging the horses onward. As we dashed swiftly away we heard her shrill tones as she anathematized:

"Sister Matilda, 'that knew that I was comin' an' had this great satchel to carry, an' never sent one of the children to meet me. Like as not they wouldn't come if she told 'em, too, for they were the worst——" and then we could hear no more. I settled myself back on my cushions, resolved to enjoy the rest of the ride, but Mr. Sylvester looked very grave, not to say sad, and kept his eye fixed on the ground. After ten minutes' silence I ventured to ask:

"Are you thinking of shy country lassies, Henry, with soulful eyes, and cherry lips, that you cannot talk to your wife?"

My husband looked at me and sighed.

"Anything but that, Nannie. I've been wondering what it is I have been guilty of that I have hid myself for four months in that accursed place. Whether I am a defaulter, or have committed a forgery, or have only ran away with another man's wife!"

A TRANSACTION IN GHOSTS.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE

I DO not claim to be much of a story teller. When a man is engaged in so prosaic a business as the buying and selling of groceries he hasn't many incentives toward the cultivating the literary and æsthetic possibilities of his nature. But I happen to know the most remarkable story ever heard of, and to be the only one who does know it in full. And, I've been so earnestly and repeatedly urged by my friends to tell it all, and to give it as wide publicity as possible, that I've finally consented. So here it is:

I became acquainted with Jasper Hudon when I was eighteen. As this will not prove to be a love story, whatever else it may or may not be, I may as well say now as at any time that I married his daughter when I was twenty. Narilla Hudson was a beautiful girl; she developed into a most beautiful woman; she has been the best wife that ever blessed a man's home with her presence. The most fortunate thing that ever happened to me was my marriage. And, of course, I shouldn't have married her—shouldn't have known her—if I hadn't been the friend of Jasper Hudon.

A man likes to speak well of his relatives—even his relatives by marriage. That is especially true when he has received great and lasting benefits at their hands. But I started out to do this work, tell this story, with one resolution firmly fixed in my mind. It was the resolution to tell the truth, in all respects, no matter who was helped or hurt by it. And I'm going to do so. Consequently I must say that Mr. Jasper Hudon was a good deal of a humbug and fraud!

He was a traveling mesmerist or hypnotist, and made a large income from his work. His shows were marvels, and yet, I knew the man so well that he didn't try to deceive me—

not after I had known him for a few weeks; when he found a proposed subject was difficult to control. He never hesitated to add the persuasive power of money to the potency of his passes. Success he would have, no matter what the means.

Hudon had some genuine powers, however. He was as gifted, I doubt not, as any one who ever traveled and exhibited the mysteries and mummeries of mesmerism. There were some individuals he could control, some persons he could put into sound slumber, some men who would readily become as responsive to his will as a musical instrument is responsive to the will of the performer. I am certain of the truth of this, for I was one of those persons.

When Jasper Hudon first came to our town to show his powers, I was as great a skeptic regarding things of that sort as any one you could have found. I attended his first performance solely because of a lazy curiosity. I went forward to the stage, when he called for subjects, in a spirit of pure mischief. I went a doubter—a scoffer. I returned thoroughly convinced.

He requested all who came to assist him in testing his powers to become passive—to give their wills up to his, so far as was possible. I have the assurance of the other five—there were six of us in all—that they did so. I have no doubt they told the truth. He succeeded fairly well with two; he picked out two irresponsible fellows, with something of dramatic instinct in their make up, and with a genuine love for fun, and a genius for practical joking, and tried the power of "metallic contact," when everything else had failed, they got a silver dollar apiece, and were next to Narilla and myself, the life and centre of his exhibition for the week it remained with us. One of the

five, a sedate and honest fellow, with a touch of dyspepsia, he sent back into the audience without trying at all.

But I—I faced him resolutely. I pitted my will against his. I said, in my resolute soul, that he couldn't overcome me—that he shouldn't. He, as firmly, determined that he could and



HE QUIVERED WITH RAGE.

would. And he conquered me. I cannot remember a thing I did for the two hours after I let my eyes falter—my glance drop—under his masterful gaze. But, after all the years that have passed, my old friends never tire of telling me the wild and absurd antics of which I was guilty. Some have slangily denominated it "a circus," some have called it "a picnic." Giving the word the meanings the street gives them, I don't doubt the performance was both.

I have heard objectors to this form of amusement, or study, (you are at liberty to choose your point of view), assert that it must be dangerous to relinquish, again and again, one's powers to the possession of another. I can think there must be some truth in the objection. A period of will surrender may affect the mind much as a period of bodily inactivity affects the muscles. But my case was different—entirely

different. I exercised my will so strongly—opposed my antagonist so resolutely, that *my* will grew in power. I gained strength, though I lost in the contest. It is not the one who can run fastest, jump highest, lift the heaviest loads, who gains most through vigorous exercise and training.

I attended Hudon's exhibitions every night that week. And every evening I presented myself as a candidate for his powers. I think the man was piqued, that he felt himself on trial. Perhaps he enjoyed the work, as the athlete enjoys doing the hard things that constitute so large a part of his work. And of course he enjoyed triumph. Every man enjoys that.

I did not know, until long afterward, that Jasper Hudon regarded his contests with me as most serious affairs, that he dreaded failure in them almost as much as he dreaded death.

"I can take the ordinary fellow," he said, when we were so thoroughly well acquainted that he talked to me with perfect frankness, "and get his weak will under control, or buy his assistance, or send him back to his place in the audience. And my smile is equally careless and genuine, no matter which of the three conclusions is reached.

But my contests with you are so hard, so genuine; I so pride myself on my power; I believe I should break down, send the audience to the box-office for their money, and give up the business altogether, were your will to show itself stronger than mine." As I said before, I had known the man a long time before he told me that.

When Hudon's week at our place was over, he went to a town a hundred miles away. I followed him. I was only a boy, to be sure, eighteen years of age. But circumstances had made me more of a man than some are at twenty-five. I looked almost that. I felt more than that. My parents were dead. I had neither brothers nor sisters. I had plenty of money. My guardian was the easiest-minded old fellow I ever knew, devotedly attached to the study of bugs, and caring little

for anything else. I remember, distinctly enough, asking him for money; that was a necessary formality, for I couldn't get it without his signature. But I don't remember asking his permission to go away. I don't believe I did more than tell him where I was going—if I did as much as that.

I presume Jasper Hudon was flattered by my action. And even as old a man as he finds flattery pleasant. At any rate, he invited me to his private parlor in the hotel, I had a room in the same house, and certainly did nothing to hinder the rapid growth of a warm and dangerous friendship between his daughter and myself. Indeed, looking back now, across the many years that lie between then and the present, I cannot do less than admit that my days with Narilla Hudon, walking, riding, sometimes rowing on the river, had more happiness in them than I found in the evenings at the exhibitions of the powers of her father.

A week passed rapidly. Hudon's tests were to be given in another town. This time he went five hundred miles. I learned afterward that he cancelled several engagements at towns near at hand. His reasons were—*myself*—and *Narilla*! But I went with him again, and again, for another week, I presented myself on his stage every night and spent a good many hours in the company of his daughter every day.

At the end of the week, after the close of his Saturday evening's entertainment, Mr. Hudon requested me to come to his room. I went. He turned inside the door and faced me as a wounded animal would have done.

"I am not going to allow you on the stage again," he said, "and I want to ask you to go home and follow me no longer. You trouble and annoy me. Will you go?"

"On one condition."

"And that is?"

"That you let me marry Narilla."

"You—you've mentioned this to her?"

"Not a word. I think she knows, though."

"H'm. I dare say she does. Trust a girl for that. How old are you?"

I told him. He commended my frankness, and said he supposed me at least five years older.

"If you were, though," he said grimly, "you'd begin to show a little more worldly wisdom in your love affairs. Boys of eighteen and girls of seventeen cannot see the world that exists beyond themselves and each other. You say you love Narilla, the daughter of a traveling mountebank, the daughter of a man of whose history you know nothing, of whose nationality you are ignorant. I am sorry for you; you'll suffer some pain, of course. But you'll get over it. You'll marry some highly respectable girl, and——"

"I shall marry Narilla, or no one. I love her as a man never loves but once. Will you try me—test me in some way?"

He walked slowly and thoughtfully across the room. He walked back again, and came and stood before me.

"Yes," he said, "I'll test you if you'll agree to my conditions. You may ask my daughter's permission to write to her; you may ask her to write to you. That is all. I shall ask her to show me the letters—those she gets and those she sends. She is as good and obedient a girl as ever lived, and I shall see what you write and what she answers. You mustn't let your pen run away with you; you mustn't write anything warmer than friendship."

"I—I may see her, may I not?"

He journeyed thoughtfully up and down his room again. Again he came back and looked down into my eager eyes.

"I will keep you informed of our engagements, for some weeks ahead, so that you may know how to make plans. And once in three months, not oftener, you may call on us at our hotel, see Narilla, walk with her, drive with her. Only—and this is important and imperative—you must make it appear that your reason for being in the town or city which you select for your visits is a necessary business one, and entirely foreign to your acquaint-

ance with my daughter. Do you accept the conditions?"

"How long is this to last?" I demanded.

"How long? Until you are twenty-one, if—I—live. Should I leave Narilla, and I'm getting to be an old

"The boy really thinks he is in earnest, doesn't he?" he said, addressing himself to himself rather than to me.

"As though any one else would wed the daughter of a traveling showman—any one that I would allow to come near her. And yet—it might be—it might. The girl is beautiful, and as good as beautiful. Yes, I accept your condition."

He offered his hand. I took it. He called his daughter and I had ten minutes for saying farewell—in his presence. I asked her to allow me to write, as her father had suggested. She granted the request. I did not ask her to answer and she volunteered no promise. But she did answer and promptly and kindly, too.

I took a night train for home and arrived there in due season and without mischance or adventure of any sort. My guardian had hardly missed me; he had discovered an entirely new bug, and was giving his entire time and individual attention to a study of its habits.

I surprised him by announcing a desire to go to work. But he readily consented. I secured a position as commercial traveler for a wholesale grocery house. I hold the position still. My father's fortune gave me an income

that was more than enough for my wants, and I took liberties that a man who really needed the salary that went with the position would not have thought of. But I had a fine faculty for selling goods, so fine, indeed, that my employers found little fault when I took two or three days, once in three months or so, to go out of my way, sometimes for a distance of several hundred miles, to attend to affairs of my own, of the nature of which they lacked the least knowledge.

I saw Narilla Hudon once in three months. I kept my agreement with her father in both letter and spirit.



TWO KINDLY YOUNG MEN WATCHED
WITH THE DEAD.

man, I would be happier to know—to know——"

He stopped and looked at me. I think he liked me then. I shall prove, before I am done, that he loved me later.

"I will accept your conditions," I replied, after a minute or two for consideration, "if you'll accept one I make."

"Well, what is it?"

"That if any one else seeks to woo and win Narilla, you'll release me from my pledges—and promptly let me know."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

But circumstances sent me into the presence of her father much more frequently. Many a time have I found him at work in a town where I had to remain over night, and perhaps within a week or two after I had made my regular stipulated quarterly call. On such occasions I made it a point to see the man, usually after his exhibition was over, and have a quiet talk with him over a good cigar. I never sought to see his daughter on these occasions; indeed I scrupulously avoided allowing circumstances making an accidental meeting possible. Jasper Hudon never spoke of it, but I knew my straightforwardness in the matter won his respect and touched him deeply. I found out later what I was glad to know, though I could never bring myself to the point of making a request regarding it, that he never told Narilla of his meetings with me on these occasions when my bargain with him prevented my seeing her as well. Once, for six weeks in succession, I saw Jasper Hudon every week; but that was exceptional.

I rarely attended one of Hudon's entertainments. While he did not say I must not, I found he preferred I should not. And, of course, I never intruded myself upon his stage again. Sometimes I longed for the trial of power between us—hungered and thirsted for the excitement of conflict—but I knew it must not, could not, be. Indeed, for his sake, I would have refused his request for a further trial; I got to believe, and I still think with good reason, that my will had outgrown his.

Twice during the two years of my probation I attended the exhibitions of men who pretended to do as Hudon *did*—or *pretended*! Neither one was able to do anything with me. Both frankly admitted to their audiences that they gave it up. Whether my will did it, or whether what Hudon had incidentally told me caused my success, I am quite unable to say.

I had a day in Chicago, near the close of the second year of my probation, in which I had Narilla to myself

all day long. I promised in the beginning, I believe, that this shouldn't be a love story. But for that promise I would tell you in detail how we spent the day. I had never seen Narilla in better health and spirits. But her father seemed worn and worried. I thought once or twice that he was going to say something of a very serious sort to me. But each time he turned the conversation into the realm of the commonplace.

I left Chicago with San Francisco for my objective point.

I was going to stop on business for the firm that employed me at several important places on the way. And as a matter of fact, the trip took me the better part of three weeks. Toward the end of the journey, however, I got nervous and worried. A sense of impending disaster seemed to fill the atmosphere all about me; it was as though I was in it—not it in me—if you can understand the meaning of what I have so inadequately explained. I may as well confess that I omitted several intended towns from the list I actually visited.

And I found on arrival at my hotel, that my presentiments were well founded. A telegram had been waiting for me for a week. It said:

"I release you from pledges. The man a scoundrel. Come.

JASPER HUDON."

The place at which this terrible message was dated was an obscure little town in the State of New York. I looked up its population, in a gazeteer, and decided that Hudon would hardly show there for more than two nights, possibly for only one. And the telegram was already a week old. And I did not know where to locate him. He had intended taking a trip of several months through the East. I had expected to be in the extreme West until I had a right to see Narilla again. I could hardly expect a communication from Hudon, stating his plans and route, for six or seven weeks to come. He knew where to send it then. I should be in San Francisco, and at this

very hotel for a day or two before my departure for the East—unless something very imperative interfered with my plans.

I thought of the help Narilla's letters might be, of course, and immediately. Here was a letter from her, unopened, waiting while I studied that menacing



I BADE NARILLA FAREWELL.

message. I opened it. It was dated in New York City. It stated that they would leave on the day following. Their destination was the town from which her father had telegraphed me. So much for that!

I was in San Francisco a good week earlier than I had anticipated. It was almost remarkable, in view of the fact that she knew the general nature of my plans, that I had a letter from Narilla at all. The perusal of it, however, did not help the problem in the least. It was no more different from her other letters than they had always been from one another. It was neither too long nor too short, too grave nor too gay; a man knowing Jasper Hudon less intimately than I would have discredited the telegram after reading the letter; I knew the man too well for that.

Under ordinary circumstances, I

might hope for another letter from Narilla, a letter giving an address at which an answer would be received sometime within a week. But these were extraordinary circumstances. I could not afford to wait in San Francisco a single day. I gave orders regarding the forwarding of mail and the repeating of telegrams. I took the next train for the East.

For the first day or two of my return trip I burdened the wires with messages. But I got nothing satisfactory in return. Hudon had been in the town from which he had telegraphed me. He had been there to give one of his entertainments. But, instead of giving it, he had left suddenly. The operator did not know where he had gone—nor why. He found out for me, however, and at an expense of time that was terribly trying to me, the name of the town in which his next appearance was announced; if the effort made by the operator was at all commensurate with the time he took, I shall hope for an opportunity to repay him in the future.

I telegraphed to the town named. No, Hudon had not been there. He did not cancel his date. He allowed a large and fashionable audience to gather—only to go home disappointed. The operator said no one knew where he could be found; he said he guessed no one but myself cared!

And I—sad eyed and sober—had to admit that I had lost Jasper Hudon! I prayed God I had not lost Narilla as well! I debated, long and anxiously, the best course to take as I neared the end of my journey. I was on a train that would go straight through to New York, running, at speed of sixty miles an hour, through the place from which Hudon had last addressed me. I knew the place where the Hudons always stopped when in New York City. I could go on and search there at once. Or, by changing to a slower train, I could stop and take up the clue at the point Hudon's message dropped it. I chose the latter plan. I searched—and found nothing. It made me too late!

When I arrived in front of the tenement house, in New York, which was the Hudons' metropolitan home, the first thing I saw was the tear-stained face of Narilla at one of the windows. A minute later she was in my arms, and telling me the sorrowful story of death and desolation. I hardly knew how she got into my arms, whether the action was hers or mine. As this is not a love story, perhaps it doesn't matter.

Jasper Hudon was dead. He had died only an hour before. I had almost reached him in time to listen to any dying message he might have had for me. I was only an hour too late.

"He—he told me about your—your bargain with him—and—and what you wanted," said Narilla, hiding her hot face on my shoulder, "and—and he said it had better be at once—better not be delayed at all!"

That looked promising, very, and quite unlike any of the complications I had been led to fear because of the message from the man now dead. I said the passionate words I had kept shut behind my lips for two long years. I got some equally calm and sensible statements in return! then, after our lover eloquence had exhausted itself, we came soberly down to a discussion of the sad and pressing realities of life.

I went in, with her, and looked upon the resolute and dignified face of her dead—*our* dead. Then, suddenly, even while we looked, she clutched my shoulder convulsively, as through in a very agony of terror, and exclaimed "He—he said we must not delay—not at all!" "A day or two, of course—" I began.

"He said—*not an hour!*" was her emphatic answer.

Well, I had waited two years. I had crossed a continent to listen to

the words of Jasper Hudon and his daughter. And these were the words, given into her keeping for me,—the message he had when the clock was ticking out the lost hour he had on the earthward side of eternity. I would take him at his word. I went out with Narilla Hudon. We were gone less than an hour. When we returned we were man and wife.

Within an hour some one came in to say a man wished to see me. I asked his name. They said in was Daniel Dukeman, I heard a little gasp be-



JASPER HUDON APPEARED BEFORE HIM.

hind me. I turned quickly. I was just in season to keep my wife from falling to the floor. She had fainted dead away. When she recovered consciousness, after what seemed an alarmingly long time to me, she explained matters.

"He's had some sort of a hold over father for years. I supposed, until less than a month ago, that it was merely a matter of money. Then, he declared he would have me. I—I—"

The man sent in a second message, more imperative and insolent than the first, I went out and had an interview with him.

"Jasper Hudon was a forger," he said, beginning abruptly, "and defrauded my father out of a hundred thousand dollars. I have the evidences of his crime in my possession. I have had them for years. Sixteen years ago, when his wife died, I told him he must pay me that immense sum, with arrears of interest, and with interest yearly on the unpaid balance at the end of each year. He was poor, very poor, but he had one talent. I understand you are well enough

He worked hard. He saved carefully. A little less than one month ago he paid me the last installment of the great debt. And then when he asked for the papers I laughed at him. I told him I had a new demand—a new price. I told him he could have the precious documents when Narilla was my wife. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

Now, I knew that he would refuse me—scorn me. He did. But I knew another thing; I knew that Narilla



JASPER STOOD OVER HIM WITH HIS SPECIFRE ARMS SWAYING IN THE AIR.

acquainted with him to know what I mean. I told him that when he had paid the debt, to the last cent, I would destroy the evidences of the crime, either in his presence, or in the presence of any friend he might send.

Well, he accepted the hard conditions. He took his little child with him, leaving a nurse to care for her until she had grown old enough so that he could care for her himself, and went on the road. He might have grown rich on the tributes of a world's credulity to his infamous genius, but his debt to me kept him poor.

would do anything to save a father's honor. I knew that she would marry me rather than let the evidences of his guilt be made public. I gave him a date beyond which my consideration would not extend; after that, the exact truth would be told to Narilla, who so far knew of my claims in only a vague and uncertain way, and she must marry me or see him imprisoned and disgraced.

He telegraphed for you. That was a cunning trick. It was check in this mad game of life, but not check-mate. I had, for some unexplained

reason, never heard of you. It was only by the merest accident that I learned of your existence.

The man had no expectation of escape. He had no desire for it. He knew me too well to look for mercy. He had made up his mind to spend his remaining days in prison. But he reasoned, and truly enough, that a woman with one husband couldn't marry another.

At last, no matter how, I learned of you, and that you were coming. I put on the screws then—shortened the time. This morning the girl was to know the truth. This morning she was to choose between marriage with me and the exposure of her father. And this morning he died.

This morning he died. *He killed himself!* I am as certain of that as I should be if I knew what drug he used, and had seen him take it. He was sick, to be sure, for no man could have endured the strain put upon him and retain his health. But he would have recovered. He reasoned, incorrectly though, that his death would save his name from disgrace; he did not quite know me, after all these years of intimate acquaintanceship. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! So, as you had failed him—as you were late—he took his own life.

Now you love Narilla. I don't doubt she loves you. I don't care for that in the least. I'm not inclined to be of a jealous disposition—when nothing more serious than sentiment is taken into consideration. But—I love her as well as you do. And I'm satisfied she'll make me a good wife, though she hates me instead of loving me at all. And she loves her father's honor better than anything else—better, perhaps, than her own soul. And so in conclusion, unless you go away at once and without a word of farewell, I'm going to give Narilla Hudon a chance to choose between her dead father's memory and you. If you go, like a good and sensible boy, I'll send you the documents when I'm once married to Narilla."

"You'll not give Narilla Hudon any

choice, you infernal rascal," I shouted, "for there isn't such a person in existence. Narilla is my wife, and——"

"Your wife? Since when?"

"Since some two or three hours ago."

"Well—well. And with her father dead scarcely an hour longer. I don't pretend to be a good man—and never did. But even I would have not asked such haste as that. I would have been content with a promise."

"We acted in accordance with her father's dying desire."

The evil face opposite me darkened desperately.

"You did, did you? And he supposed that balked me, did he? And you think so too? Well, you're both mistaken. *I know that the making public of her father's disgrace will send the girl to her grave.*"

I gasped with astonished horror. I had never thought of that. And, swift as a lightning flash, came the appalling conviction that this fiend spoke the truth. He had the power to kill this woman I loved so tenderly—my wife—my darling—and to do it by performing an action that the law would call right and the world praiseworthy. I groaned aloud.

"Is—is there no way?" I faltered, no price?"

"There is one; yourself. With the woman free——"

"You—mean—divorce?"

The man laughed. "I mean *death*," he said sharply; "if you are alive, at sunrise to-morrow morning, I'll give the account of Hudon's crime to the authorities and the newspapers. When you are dead—when I am sure of it—I'll burn the papers. I'll swear that. When you are out of the way, with her father gone as he is, I'll take my chances. You say you love Narilla; you have a chance to prove it. Kill—yourself—and——"

"*I—I'll—think—of it,*" I said seriously.

* * * * *

I don't know how many people lived in that crowded tenement house in which the Hudons had kept rooms all

these years, and in which they had managed to spend some two or three weeks out of every fifty-two, and so keep up the pathetic pretence that they had a home. I suppose the number of occupants was well toward two hundred. The Hudons had had three rooms, two on the third floor, one on the second. The one on the second floor had been used as parlor, study, library, office, sitting-room, and what-



THE FLAMING CURTAIN SWEEP
AROUND HIM.

ever else you may choose to say; a plain table, covered with a cheap and gaudy spread, an old desk in one corner, a worn out sofa, two ancient chairs that had outgrown their beauty long ago, and one easy chair of more modern make, completed the furniture. A score of books, most of them dealing with subjects of an occult or supernatural nature, rested on a hanging shelf. It was not an inviting room—nor one calculated to soothe the nerves of a terrified and tortured man.

* * * * *

It was twelve o'clock. Upstairs, in one of his rooms, Jasper Hudon lay

dead, while two kindly young fellows, in the room directly across the hall from him, sat to watch; sometimes, as the night wore on, they would steal to his door to peer in and to listen—their duty to see that "he slept well!" We, Narilla and I, heard them go at nine o'clock, at two, at eleven. It was twelve now, and I listened alone. Narilla went to her room half an hour ago. She was lying across the bed, even then, dressed as she had been when her father died, weeping as if her tender heart would break for love of the dead lying alone next door.

I had promised, when Narilla went up to her room, that I would follow her soon. I had lied to her for the first time—for the last. I had given up seeing her again. She had kissed me, thirty minutes since, a bride's kiss of good-night that means farewell for barely a trivial hour. And I—I had kissed her good-by for this world; I was not sure, for I couldn't quite decide how far heroic self-sacrifice would atone for suicide, that it was not for eternity as well.

I had silently reasoned the whole thing out, in the earlier hours of the evening, with the wife I loved sitting on my knee. I cannot explain how hard it had been, nor could you understand it were I to try. But it was over, at last, thank God. The mental pain of dying, the spiritual agony of facing the unknown—these were over and past. The physical pangs of dissolution alone remained. I had my revolver in my hand. I was steadily searching for the place through which life would find its exit the surest and speediest.

Suicide? Of course. It was the only way. I could take my choice between to-night, when Narilla loved me, trusted me, and mourned a dead father against whose honor suspicion had never raised its breath—and to-morrow night, with Narilla dead from the shame that had fallen upon her father, and perhaps with her curse for the cowardice of her husband, who had not spared her this deadly knowledge, still ringing in my ears. I had my choice.

I had chosen. To put off, until another night, the doing of the duty fate had appointed to my hand, would be the most cowardly and cruel of crimes. That was the roadway my reason ran. That was the end my erratic judgment reached.

If there was any reason for thinking Narilla would marry this brute who had driven father and husband to their deaths—

But there wasn't. There was no danger of that after this night should be done. Daniel Dukeman had sworn he would burn the evidences he held against Joseph Hudon. That done, he might as well crave the possession of the evening star as aspire to the hand of the peerless Narilla. She—was—safe! That is, she would be in a minute or two. She would be when I found the weakest point in a man's skull—and got my nerves enough under control to hold my weapon steady again.

My death would be a fearful blow—of course. She would never forget me. Her life would never quite rise to the level of happiness. But it was better so than that the papers Dukeman had showed be made public—far better.

It would have been a pleasure, a personal one, to leave a line of explanation for my wife. It would let me die happier. It might make her memory of me kinder and more tender, her love for me deeper and more exalted. But my death could not, under any circumstances, be a happy one. I had no moral right to try to make it so. I must not be selfish. A statement of my reasons would give pain. I would not plant a new grief in Narilla's soul, merely to dwarf the growth of one that was inevitable. I would write nothing.

I suppose some of my readers are getting very angry and disgusted with me, wondering why I didn't go and kill Mr. Daniel Dukeman. A few, perhaps, have decided that they would have done so. And I must confess there seem very good grounds for taking that position.

To be sure, the man lived in a well-

policed and highly-respected part of the city, and might he relied upon for acute watchfulness and well-trained servants. But even such men as he can be found and reached. I presume I could have gotten at him, killed him secretly, and have escaped even the finger of suspicion. And it would seem, to the superficial thinker, as though a man would quite as soon use his second cartridge for suicidal purposes, as the first, under existing circumstances, while to a man with his mind made up to go straight to his grave, what terrors would there be in the methods and machinery of the law?

I thought that matter over from all points of view. And every decision was against me. I could bring myself to regard the killing of myself as quite reasonable—and almost right. But not so could I compel the crime of murder to appear—no matter how far provocation had gone. Besides, I caught myself wondering what I would have done in Daniel Dukeman's place? I didn't doubt I should have tried very hard before giving Narilla Hudon up—even to a better and more fortunate man than myself.

But, last of all, most important of all, was the thought of Narilla. Murder was a crime. It would be murder, legally speaking, to kill this villain who threatened us, no matter how this one or that might be pleased to regard it morally. And there was, in spite of plan and prudence, the possibility down every avenue leading to his death at the hand of violence, of disaster—detection, disgrace—and—

It was clearly out of the question.

I set the icy muzzle sharply against my head. I touched the trigger—pressed—pressed—and—

"Don't do it!" said Jasper Hudon; "I know a better way!"

I laid down the weapon. I looked up. Jasper Hudon stood just inside the door. He was looking straight at me.

No one who had ever seen Jasper Hudon could have been mistaken now. The identity was beyond doubt. But

this Jasper Hudon was thin, gangy, cloud-like; I could see the door, the wall, the furniture, right through him. He no more concealed that which was beyond him than the tenuous tail of the comet hides the great stars that blaze in the far heavens. I remembered the sort of Jasper Hudon that lay in the room above. I knew, in an instant, that this man who stood and looked upon me was the real Jasper Hudon—the Jasper Hudon who would outlive the ruin and decay of the universe; and, looking into his eloquent face, I knew that he had returned because he loved me.

I believe I was frightened. At any rate, I won't run the risk of saying I was not. But the fear was much less than I would have thought possible. Perhaps one reason grew from the fact that I had so nearly taken the step that would have made association with such as he natural instead of supernatural.

"Daniel Dukeman is a liar," he said weakly, "as he always was. Do you suppose I would have listened to your story of love for my daughter if his tale had been true? No; you would never have been allowed to hope for an alliance with my daughter, never after that first night when you told me of your love, had I not been an honest, though a hunted and injured man. I never forged the name of Daniel Dukeman's father. He did that devil's deed himself. But he did it so cunningly that every evidence pointed against me. Any twelve men, sworn to try me according to the law and the evidence, would assuredly have found me guilty without the formality of leaving the court room. I may have been a fool to do it, but I undertook to pay the missing money—and I did it. You know the rest."

He paused, then he came and stood nearer to me.

"I was in the room, of course, when you had your interview with the rascal. I gather, from what I've learned on this side, that we are usually present among our friends of earth when the occasion has enough of interest in it to

make it worth one's while. I was at the marriage ceremony, too, as anyone of sense, alive or dead, might have known I would be. When it comes to being visible, that's quite another matter. It's hard on humanity—usually. I find it hard on the spiritual side. But I'm here. And this is my plan:

I want you to go to Daniel Dukeman. I want you to make him burn those documents."

"I don't know how I can make him do it. I don't understand."

"Why, when he sees you he'll understand; he'll remember his promise, and——"

"His promise?"

"Of course. How stupid you are."

I said I wanted *you* to go. You'll leave your body here, and——"

"Oh, yes, leave my body. I see."

And I picked up the revolver again.

"Put the thing down! Don't you touch it again until you feel sure you're sane—or half way so! You see nothing. But, unless I've lost my power or forgotten my cunning——"

"You'll find a way to send me? Is that it?"

"That is it. You know this street and number?"

"I do."

He told me where Dukeman resided. He cautioned me to be sure to forget nothing. He said it would be a terribly serious matter for me if I failed to get back. I agreed with him in that. I was sure it would be.

"Go and lie on the sofa," he said.

I obeyed him.

"Fix your eyes on me. Don't let them wander, as you value your life and Narilla's happiness, and surrender yourself utterly—completely. Give your will unreservedly to mine, and pray—pray as you never prayed before—that I, though dead, am still a stronger man than you!"

I fixed an unfaltering gaze upon him. I tried to diminish and dwarf my will. And I prayed, prayed earnestly, wildly, madly—in the sickness of my soul.

The hands and arms of the shadowy figure of Jasper Hudon waved and

swung, twisted and turned, in strange and grotesque curves. Slow at first, then swifter and swifter, until the eye could scarcely follow them. At first I felt no effect. My surrendered self was stronger than the will the father of my wife had carried across the desert of death with him. And, looking into the face of the wraith, I know he feared that he would never find his power again.

But, by and by, there came a change. I was going into a condition of infinite peace—of dreamy forgetfulness. I started suddenly, as a strong swimmer, resting lazily on his back from a recent contest against the current of a swift stream, starts when he finds the water running coldly across his sinking face!

A spasm of pain contorted the ghost's face.

"In God's name," he groaned, "don't do that again. You may end all hope if you do. Even were it to mean death to you, what of it? You had your hand ready to clutch death willingly—only a little time ago."

Sure enough, what did it matter? I did not start or struggle again.

I watched the swinging hands—until they became a gauzy cloud of shifting whiteness before my closing eyes. I watched the face of Jasper Hudon, as hope replaced fear in it, certainty replaced mere hope, and fierce joy stood in the place of simple certainty. My eyes closed. I saw nothing more. I could not breathe. My heart faltered—*stumbled*—STOPPED! Not a function of all my bodily organism remained in activity. Every nerve ceased to bring in impressions or take forth commands. So far as human sight or sense could have told—unquickened by the ghostly gift of the power to see beyond the veil that shuts down between the world that we know and the one we hope—I was as much a dead man as the one who lay cold and white in the room above. But the last thing I knew, the last impression I received, was the command, spoken in a voice that seemed like the whispered echo of far thunder: "Go!"

I went. When I came to myself

again, so as to fully recognize my surroundings. I was half way up the front stairs in a house which I had never been before. A superhuman instinct, a sort of supplementary sense that I cannot make you understand, told me that I was in the residence of Daniel Dukeman.

I went on up the stairs. I paused at a door, not because I had any doubt regarding what I should find beyond it, but simply to get my ghostly energies under control. I knew I should find Dukeman there. And, after a little, I opened the door, went in, and saw him.

He sat at a table, his back toward me. The table was covered with a mass of papers.

"I must get them in order," he was saying "for I shall need them in the morning,"

The fool. He little guessed where he would be—in the morning. I noiselessly crossed the floor. I leaned over him. I touched him on the shoulder. I pointed a transparent finger at his devilish documents.

"Burn them, Daniel Dukeman," I commanded, "burn them." He looked up. He saw me. His face blanched. His teeth chattered. His limbs trembled. He seemed to shrink and collapse into a shivering shapeless mass of desperate fear. A terrible cry rose to his pallid lips, and was stifled there to a loose and loudly articulate groan. I have never elsewhere seen so thoroughly frightened a man. But, shaken though he was, he swept the mass of paper together, with a convulsive movement of his shuddering arms, and his nervous fingers clutched and clawed at them as the paws of a beast might have done,

"Burn them, Daniel Dukeman," I repeated.

And there he answered me.

"Burn them," he repeated, "burn them. I'll die and be damned first."

He leaped from his chair, and fled headlong across the room. He stood at bay near a window. I think he had, for a moment, a frenzied idea of opening it and calling for the police.

As though even the metropolitan police could help him against such as I!

"Burn them," I demanded, for the third time.

It was then, I think, that he remembered his promise. At any rate, he turned and faced me—and laughed! Yes, even *he*—mad as he had been with fright—dared laugh!

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha? ha!" he gurgled unmusically, "did you think I'd keep my word? Did you think I'd throw away the only means I have of bending the woman to my will? Then you *are* a fool! Ha! ha! ha! why, I'll burn before I'll burn *them*."

I came nearer. I crowded close upon him. I threatened the man.

"Burn them," I said, "or I'll——"

I don't know what he thought my intent would prove to be; I don't know what he feared my intangibility might find power to accomplish. He took a long look at me, a look of resigned regret at the room beyond where I stood, and a shuddering glance at the window close at hand. Then he dared try a trick—dared attempt to cheat me. He took the documents in which I was interested in his left hand. He took a smaller bundle of papers, what I knew not, from an inner pocket of his coat, with his right hand. He held them up to a burner projecting but slightly from the wall. They caught fire—blazed up strongly. And still he held them. Then, without a moment's warning, a fragment fell from one of them. It fell upon the sweeping end of one of his magnificent lace curtains. A line of threatening fire ran swiftly toward the ceiling. He dropped the Hudon documents. He caught the blazing curtain in both his hands. He tugged sharply at it. It gave way suddenly. It fell across his shoulders, over his head, along his arms. It burned and hampered him from head to foot. It seemed alive in its pertinacity and devilishness, as he fought against it and struggled to tear it away.

"You would burn first, would you?" I cried. "Very well, burn them!"

A laugh rang through the room!

Dukeman did not laugh! And he hurled the last blazing bit of the ruined fabric from his blistering hands, and stood and looked at me—his feet treading the papers he had staked his soul for, his garments ablaze from head to foot!

The bells rang the alarm—when you couldn't have guessed what that room had been like!

The engine came—when the floor and the papers and the man had all dropped through to the floor below!

I went down—after the stairs were gone!

I went out—after the walls fell in!

I went home—knowing that the papers were thoroughly and satisfactorily burned!

A wiser man than Daniel Dukeman might have saved everything except the papers!

* * * * *

I arose from the sofa, where Hudon had bidden me lie, just as the clocks were striking six. I was tired. That was all. But the two kindly young men who had volunteered to watch with the dead had done double duty that night. They found me silent, cold, pulseless—at one o'clock. Before two, one of the best physicians in the great and wise city of New York had pronounced me dead. Before three, two others, equally good and great and wise, had agreed with him. Whatever you may think—I *say they were right!*

My wife slept through it all. It was decided not to tell her until morning. And so, until she reads this, she will not know that I did for her what no man ever did for a woman in all the history of the world before. Nor will the authorities know, except in the same way, that I could have fully explained the circumstances leading up to one of the most mysterious fires that New York ever knew.

* * * * *

You have the story. I am not philosopher enough to go outside its regular course in search of theory and explanatory speculation. It is not a love story—though—

My wife is looking over my shoulder.

She has read what I have just written. Her smile stoops nearer and nearer—in the old-time tempting way. There! there! there!

She says I was not writing quite the truth. She says this is a love story. With those kisses still warm on my lips, I can hardly deny her. *Perhaps it is!*



A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

BY MARIE NANTZ CUTTER.

THERE is one more place that I must visit before I return to Los Angeles, and that is Vernon. I do not know why it is, but I feel as if I could not go away without making a flying visit there. Uncle and aunt are old and will not care very much about seeing me.

"The girls are married and gone. There is no one else in the town who would even remember me, or whom I care in the least to see. Yet I feel irresistibly drawn there. If time could turn back ten years; if those who are gone could return; if I knew that Mabel Curtis was watching for my coming, and that she would smile a welcome to me, then I could understand this feverish longing to go to that dreary town. But—time will not roll back, and Mabel is gone forever. A visit to Vernon will be but to revive all the old pain, and will have more of bitterness than sweetness in it. Still I cannot stay away."

The speaker was Claude Murray, and the person addressed was himself. He was a fine looking fellow about thirty years of age, and bore the appearance of a successful man. Ten years previous to the time our story opens, he had gone to California, and by prudent investments and still more prudent sales had accumulated quite a little fortune during the "boom" period in Los Angeles.

Now he had returned to the East on a visit to his old home at Salem.

Several weeks had been spent in familiar places and among old friends; but through it all he was haunted by a

subtle dissatisfaction and unrest which had all at once put itself into words. In living over his boyhood, he could not fail to remember the pretty love story that had made life so bright, and whose influence had followed him through all the years that had passed since then. No face had ever seemed so fair, no eyes so bright, no voice so sweet as those of Mabel Curtis. Hence it was that designing mammas and daughters had smiled on him in vain. They could never win more than a quiet courtesy from the handsome and wealthy bachelor whom they hoped to ensnare.

As the train sped onward that evening, he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and gave himself up entirely to reverie.

Once more he was a boy of twenty, looking ardently forward to meeting the girl whose last letter made a warm spot over his heart. He imagined how she was counting the minutes till train-time, how her eyes would light up at his coming, how happy he would be to see her, to hear her speak, to press her soft hand and kiss her saucy lips.

How slowly the train ran! Would they never reach Vernon? Ah! here was Holbrook. Only five miles more! His pulses were bounding, his heart out-traveled the train.

"Vernon!"

He opened his eyes. The dream vanished.

He was a man of thirty, coming alone to a town that had forgotten his very existence. He caught up his grip and stepped out of the rear end of the car

to the depot platform where no one waited to meet him. The station-agent was busy at the upper end of the platform, the loungers stood about the depot, one or two fellow passengers were being greeted by their friends. He only was alone, and dusk was falling.

He stood at the lower end of the platform and looked about him. The town consisted mainly of two long rows of houses facing each other from opposite sides of the railroad tracks. There were two or three stores, a few cooper and wagon shops. On a side street were the schoolhouse and church. On either side of the railroad tracks were high piles of railroad ties and barrels waiting for shipment.

There were no sidewalks, no crossings. There was a general air of desolation, or stagnation, or loneliness.

"Since the dove brought the olive branch of peace to Noah, this village has never stirred," he murmured.

Lights were beginning to gleam from the windows, but none of them were for him. He gazed across at the old house on a side street, under the locust trees. There was no light in the windows and the place looked gloomy and deserted.

A sense of homesickness came over him, and he wished he had not come. He turned hastily away, and started along the track toward his uncle's home, but his steps lagged.

With bowed head he passed along, thinking at every step how often on this very walk he had timed his footsteps to those of another.

Snatches of conversation came back to him. The old merry, happy days returned to haunt the present with their vanished sweetness.

It was with a feeling of relief that he turned in at his uncle's gate, and in the warm greeting which he received, shook off the sadness that oppressed him.

He was surprised to find how glad the old couple were to see him, and how eager to hear of his life and fortunes in the far west.

California was the end of the world

to them; and they looked with a sort of reverence on the one who had ventured out a boy to such unknown regions, and returned to them a handsome dignified man. His wealth seemed boundless, his experiences unequalled, his success bewildering to them.

Old times were talked over, old friends recalled. This one had died, that one had moved away, such and such ones were married.

"Had he heard that Mabel Curtis had married after they moved West?"

Ah! had he not carried the bitter knowledge about with him since he had read the announcement in a paper five years previous?

He did not tell them so. Why should he? Nor did he tell them that he had merely come back to torture himself by looking on the old familiar places, and dreaming over the old sweet dream for a few brief days.

He could not sleep that night for his thoughts troubled him. Three years were crowded into a few hours. As he "pulled back the links of memory" every hour seemed to stand out in clear relief. He wondered how he could ever have become angry at the girl who had been so dear to him. Wondered how they ever could have misunderstood one another as they had done. Wondered at all the various facts and possibilities and revelations which memory presented so rapidly to his mind.

Why did he think so much of her these days? Was it only because the familiar scenes brought back old memories so forcibly?

He remembered an argument which they had held in the olden times over a verse from Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" which they had read together.

"Mind acts on mind tho' bodies be far distant."

He had held that it was only a verse evolved from the poet's fancy. She claimed that the subtle, magnetic currents of the mind reached out to its kindred mind, and drew thought to itself, no matter how great the distance.

She had quoted many passages from

Emerson's essays which she claimed upheld her theory.

They had diligently studied all the works on psychology that they could find, and then leaving books, as being merely theoretical, they studied the subject from a practical standpoint by experimenting on one another's minds.

The hour and moment of the day when their minds were drawn to the other, the subjects presented to the mind at such times, and the length of time considered, were carefully noted and made substance of almost daily letters, as their homes were nearly fifty miles apart.

He smiled now to think how badly she had worsted him in the argument. Her woman's wit had been too quick for him.

"You proved nothing, sweetheart, except what we already knew—that we thought of each other every moment of the day. We should have tried our experiments on other minds; but then that would not have been so interesting," he murmured.

All the arguments came back to him now with added intensity.

"If I could only know where you are," he thought, "whether your thoughts are with me in these days, whether your mind is dwelling on the same subjects that engross mine, then I would know to a certainty whether you were right or no."

The next day he spent with his uncle and aunt. The old couple were interested in every little event that had entered his life during the ten years of his absence.

His descriptions of the wonderful rushing West were as fascinating to them as fairy stories are to a child, and they could not be satisfied.

In the evening twilight Claude went to visit the deserted old house under the locusts on the side street, where he had spent so many happy hours. His thoughts had been there all day, but he had purposely waited until the hour when he had been accustomed to go to meet Mabel. As he went slowly along he remembered how eagerly and with hurried steps he had always trod-

den the grassy path, and how he had always found Mabel waiting for him on the steps of the old porch. With bowed head he walked along, nursing the sweet bitterness in his heart and it was not till he reached the familiar gate and lifted the latch, that he raised his head and looked about him.

Some one was sitting on the steps, and at the click of the latch she sprang to her feet in a startled way.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "I thought this house was vacant, and was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I did not notice that any one was here."

"Claude!" exclaimed the woman on the steps, holding out her hands to him.

"Mabel!" he cried, "Mabel! can it be true that I have found you here?" and he sprang forward, caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Suddenly he recovered himself, and releasing her he said "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hastings. I was so overcome by memories of the past, and so surprised to find you here that I forgot you were another man's wife. For the sake of past friendship, will you not forgive me?"

"Mrs. Hastings!" she said, looking into his face in a puzzled way. "I do not understand you. I am Mabel Curtis. Have I mistaken you? Are you not Claude Murray?"

In a moment his arms were about her again.

"Is it true? Have I found you again, my Mabel? Oh, it has all been a wretched mistake! Tell me, sweetheart, that I need never lose you again. Do not send me away. I could not bear it now."

She laid her head against his shoulder with a little sigh of content.

"Nor could I bear to have you go," was all she said.

Then they sat down in their old place on the steps to consider their strange meeting.

"You have not told me yet why you called me 'Mrs. Hastings,'" she said inquiringly.

For answer he drew from a book in

his pocket a well-worn slip of paper, which he placed in her hand. In the bright moonlight she read:

MARRIED—By the Rev. John B. Curtis, at Sharon, Iowa, May 10, 18—, Miss Mabel Curtis and Mr. Harry Hastings.

"Oh!" she cried, "and you thought that was my marriage notice? That was my Cousin Mabel. Father married her and I was bridesmaid; but it never entered my head that any one would think I was the bride. And you have carried that all these years? Oh, Claude!"

The tears were shining in the eyes she raised to his, and he felt called to kiss them away—a task that was very delightful, indeed, to him.

"I shall never lose you again, dear," he murmured in her ear. "We will be married here in Vernon and take our wedding trip out to our home in Los Angeles. Do not say no, Mabel," and he bent eagerly for her answer.

"Home!" she repeated. "I have had no home for three years. And a home with you—oh, Claude, it will be happiness beyond words!"

He drew her nearer to him, and his heart leaped up in sympathy for the sorrow that thrilled in her voice.

"You have not told me of your trouble, Mabel," he said gently.

"No. I forgot it all in seeing you. Three years ago my parents both died. I came East to the college where I graduated and obtained a position as teacher of the *delsarte* culture there. My summers have been spent at the college or visiting in the homes of

friends. This summer, for the first time in all these years, I felt an uncontrollable longing to come back here and visit the old home. I had intended to go elsewhere, but the feeling was so strong that I could not shake it off; and so last night I came."

"Last night!" he cried. "On the evening train south?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I was on the same train and we did not know one another! Did you see me get off?"

"No," she answered, "Mrs. Andrews was expecting me and met me at the train. So I did not look about."

"How did you happen to come here to-night, then?" he still questioned.

"I wanted to come alone just at this time because—I felt as if you would seem nearer to me. I did not see you until you entered the gate, because I was so utterly carried away by the sad memories of all that I had lost since I last sat here. How did it all happen, Claude? What brought us both here at the same time? Was it the 'action of mind on mind'?" and she looked at him with the arch smile he so well remembered.

"You have won the argument, and I have won you. So by all the rules of logic and law the case is mine, and I have come off the victor," he replied ardently.

"I can consent to defeat under such logic as that," she replied merrily.

And so the "Psychological Problem" was solved in a manner highly satisfactory to both disputants.



Pussy Willow

"Pussy Willow! Pussy Willow!"
Where's 'e cunning "Pussy Willow?"
Calls a darling little fellow
From the porch; and laughing glances
Follow where the kitten dances
Full of glee

Merrily,
Here and there the small imp prances.
He's a mischief-loving fellow—
"Cunning little Pussy Willow!"

"Pussy Willow! Pussy Willow!"
Where's 'e cunning "Pussy Willow?"
See him crouch among the grasses,
Spring at every one who passes,
Now across the yard he rushes,
Rushes now among the bushes,
Plotting little impish capers;
Then into a tree he scampers—
"Frisking with the leaflets yellow,
He's a jolly little fellow,—
"Cunning little Pussy Willow!"

"Pussy Willow! Pussy Willow!"
Where's 'e cunning Pussy Willow?"
See those eyes with mischief gleaming,
What new exploit now he's dreaming?
Off he spins among the brambles
Where the chickens end their rambles,
Scattering terror and dismay;
While his victims rush away
Flying, fluttering, left and right,
Shrieking wildly their affright—
Trickish, comic little fellow
Is this "cunning Pussy Willow."

"Pussy Willow! Pussy Willow!"
Where's 'e cunning Pussy Willow?"
Ah! himself a pris'ner may be
In this fond embrace of Baby,
Who is crowing rare content,
Brown eyes over kitty bent.
Ha! ha! funny Pussy Willow
You're indeed a "cunning" fellow—
So submissive now and quiet,
One would never guess the riot
And confusion you created,
Nor the tricks you've perpetrated.

Now at last
You're held fast,
Baby's victim, my fine fellow—
"Cunning little Pussy Willow!"

"Pussy Willow! Pussy Willow!"
Where's 'e cunning Pussy Willow?"
Thus the happy baby prattles,
While his little cart he rattles
Up and down the "randah" floor.
Peeping from the open door
Fond I listen, slyly watching
"ranks of puss and Baby catching
Each the other in their racing.
Hoppy Baby, pleasure chasing
Through the livelong days so sunny,
And a kitten *must* be funny.

Such a sprite
Day and night
Full of antics, roguish fellow,
"Cunning little Fussy Willow!"

ELIZABETH
JUDD.



AMBITION.

BY L. A. CRANDELL.

SHE was not a beautiful woman. Her dark hair and low, broad forehead, however, conveyed an impression of a strong character. She stood at the window looking out upon a lawn where the artistic landscape gardener had brought into active life Nature's most attractive growth of flowering shrubs. All this marvelous beauty was unobserved by her. She was looking within retrospectively, and mechanically tapping the window pane, while the reflex shades of thought swept over her face. A familiar voice aroused her. Mr. Palmer came hastily in, leading a boy of seven or eight summers. One glance, and you knew the mother of the boy. The dark hair, the broad, low brow, and the indescribable, undeveloped power lying within.

"Well, Huldah! here is the little culprit! I found him down by the brook! He actually was delighted to see me, and had the assurance to shout: 'Oh! come quick, papa, and see my wheel turn round!' Sure enough, he had made a miniature water-fall, and after nailing pieces around his cart wheel, had balanced it so nicely that the falling water turned it. I never saw such a happy child. But look at his clothes!"

Mrs. Palmer turned, a crimson flush darkened her face as she surveyed the child.

"He deserves punishing. He has been repeatedly told not to play in the brook. Look at his nice clothes! Take him away! The sight of him is exasperating!"

"I am sorry, mamma," commenced the boy in a subdued tone. He was impatiently interrupted.

"Sorry! Do not repeat that. You are a naughty boy!"

Turning to her husband:

"Ralph, send him to his room! He

is a most provoking child. I believe you encourage him in his disobedience. Let him wait upon himself. Wash himself, make himself presentable, and remain in his room until the bell rings."

"But, Huldah," began Mr. Palmer. An impatient wave of the hand and stamping of the foot, signified her unapproachable condition. Mr. Palmer turned quietly away with Elmer's hand in his.

They reached the first landing of the stairs before either broke the silence. Then, as if the rupture with his mother had been forgotten, the boy exclaimed triumphantly:

"It did go round, 'papa, didn't it?"

He looked in his father's face exultantly while waiting the reply.

"Yes," came reluctantly, "but surely there cannot be much pleasure in anything that your mother, disapproves."

"I know that papa. I am real sorry I wet my nice clothes. You see when the water hit the edge of the wheel, I didn't expect it, and it flew all over me."

"You should not have gone to the brook after your mother forbade it."

"I did not for a long time, but I couldn't fix the wheel in the bath-tub so that it would turn round. I tried it so many times."

"When did you try?"

"Won't you tell mamma if I tell you papa?"

"I cannot make promises. Mamma knows what you should, and should not do. Have you forgotten the commandments you recited so beautifully in your Sabbath-school—'Honor thy Father and thy Mother?'"

Elmer's clasp tightened on his father's hand.

"But father! what may I do? I get tired reading the Bible! I think I'll never want to be a——"

Mr. Palmer interrupted him. Placing his hand gently over his son's mouth, saying pleasantly—"Hush! no more! Change your clothes, and be ready for supper."

Something in his child's appealing, unsatisfied expression moved him. He added, "Another day we will talk this matter over. Papa will advise how to please mother and his little boy." He stooped down and met the child's upraised lips with a kiss that expressed more than words.

Mr. Palmer passed out of Elmer's room in deep thought. He failed to hear his son's "Papa! Papa!" in disappointment. One purpose absorbed every faculty.

He turned abruptly to the right, hurried through the corridor to the end where a door opened on a flight of narrow stairs. Up these, across the disused, gloomy, unfinished attic he moved rapidly until he reached a tall closet. It was made of rough boards, and its several doors opened downward.

Reaching to the top which left little space between the rafters, he took down a bunch of keys. As he opened the middle door and exposed the interior, a stranger would have wondered at the change. It could not be the contents surely that had so transformed the quiet, languid gentleman, into an eager, exultant miser? Rough shelves, a heterogeneous mass of wheels, screws, wires and unnamable articles, valued only by the owner, were heaped into boxes. In little rings fastened all about, were tools of almost every description. Dust was thick upon everything. From one side he drew a miniature door, rolled it in and out of its frame several times, then replaced it. He examined various ingenious devices, all in working order. He forgot time, place, everything. He held a beautiful little model in his hand. Selecting a piece of soft lead, he fed the machine while turning a crank. The lead was caught by cog wheels, and after a moment there dropped on the floor a bright, perfect nail. With the fall came the involuntary exclamation, "Oh! papa!" in such astonished, sat-

isfied tones that they entered a heart-craving, hungering for just what they contained.

There was but a momentary hesitation, and then Mr. Palmer turned to see a radiant face.

"Yes, Elmer, I was once a boy like you," he said. In the one glance he had read the only thought of his son. To him it was real life wrought out of the inanimate. It was not that he had discovered his father's secret! It was an affinity.

The supper bell rang. Mr. Palmer inquired how long it would take his son to be made presentable.

"Only a moment, papa!" was the joyous reply, and by the time Mr. Palmer had regained his composure Elmer was ready.

Mr. Palmer was refined and cultured, with a sensitive nature that thrust self back from all unappreciative qualities. He was an inventor. Never a bold one. A mathematician, clear and logical, not a machinist. If his models worked he was happy, if there practicability or originality was questioned, he put them away as treasures gratifying only to himself.

The door was for cars and patented. A company offered a nominal sum for it. Mr. Palmer smiled, put it away, and later saw it adopted without his consent. This experience was connected with several of his inventions. This spending without returns lessened his income, until now the principal support of the family was Mrs. Palmer's income from property she inherited.

Mrs. Palmer was a singularly practical woman. She was proud of her husband, but saw his defects of character, and knew of but one remedy. She admired his inventive genius, had encouraged his aspirations, and believed in his success. It was with great effort she compelled herself to forego the pleasure of seeing him work, to listen to his glowing explanations and results, to examine his dainty tools, his clever workmanship, to outwardly seem to feel no further interest in the work of his life. He felt the

change. Put away his models, and shut the secrets of his brain within. Mrs. Palmer was proud and ambitious. A member of the High Church, she looked forward to seeing one son some day fill the pulpit acceptably, and later, perhaps, to become a bishop. She was admired for her ability, and respected for her devotion. She was proud of her family, with a laudable ambition for their honorable and creditable elevation.

Elmer Palmer was a sweet, pure-minded boy, inheriting from his father an almost uncontrollable thirst for knowledge of machinery. Cause and effect were terms unknown to him, yet he sought to discover, without direction, possibilities.

For a long time her boy talked with his mother about his handywork. He was so young she could not fail to appreciate nice little carvings made with his penknife, and the attachments to his playthings that from dumb, immovable articles were converted into apparent life and activity. This she soon learned from the glowing face was encouragement, and latterly had frowned down everything of the kind.

Mr. Palmer had never by word given the boy an idea that he was pleased with his work, but Elmer knew through the invisible chain of sympathy that his father understood him. He felt it throughout his young soul, and with his father had no secrets. He had unsuspectingly followed to the attic to tell him that in trying to make his wheel turn round in the bath-tub he had led the stream off and damaged the ceiling below. When inquiry was made, Elmer feared to tell his mother, and he sought this opportunity to explain it to his father. When he found him in front of the closet, when he saw the little model working, saw the rough piece of lead transformed into a bright nail, his exclamation, "Oh, papa!" was language from the depths of his being.

A few days later Elmer made this explanation to his father, and he never forgot the sadness in tone and face, when the reply came.

"There were no secrets there my son. In those worthless articles are thousands of dollars, about which your mother does not like to hear. When I was a boy, I longed to see my wheels turn round, to impart life to them, but it was too expensive. I put them all away. You must put such ideas away. Study your books. Study to please your mother. Will you try?"

"Yes, papa, but I forget. I just see something I think I can do, and I don't remember anything else, but I *will* try."

From this time there was a mutual understanding between the two. A companionship felt, more than seen.

One day Mrs. Palmer looked suddenly up from the book she seemed to be reading, and exclaimed, "Ralph! I do not understand it! It troubles me that our children have so little ambition."

"I am sorry to hear that," was the calm reply.

"Sorry! Ralph, that does not half express it. I am grieved! It is deplorable! I do not know how to excite their ambition. I believe, Will is the only one who has a spark."

"I am sure Huldah, that Stella is ambitious."

"Yes, I know she has talent, but she cares so little about her dress, about parties, or gentlemen. She prefers to mope in her room, and will never be appreciated unless she exerts herself more. Look at Mrs. Hosmer's daughters. Stella is their superior in every way, but we cannot proclaim it. She lacks ambition. I wish she had half of mine."

"Perhaps it would be better," was the reply. "She is too much like me."

"No, no! Ralph, I did not mean that; but really it troubles me very much. Elmer cares so little about his books. It appears like perfect drudgery, for him to apply himself to study. Will does exhibit ambition to be a gentleman. I feel and notice this more now that Uncle John is coming. He used to say, 'Huldah if your children are the least like you, they will not lack ambition.'"

"Well, wife, I must bear the blame and yet I was called ambition. I had many ambitious dreams."

"I know you had, and I had for you, but there is an incubus on the inmates of this house! We simply drift!"

No, no! Huldah, not yet! You have ambition enough for us all."

"There's Jane," interrupted Mrs. Palmer, "instead of doing her work she is reading half the time. She has no ambition about keeping the house in order, or anything else."

Here Mrs. Palmer bustled away.

Uncle John came. A fine genial old gentleman. A lover of children, kind, discriminating and affectionate. Huldah was his favorite niece. He admired her energy, perservance, her will to do, her power to accomplish. Huldah had great confidence, and faith in her Uncle. Not many days after her arrival, she poured all her hopes, and fears out to him. He listened attentively.

"None of their mother's ambition?" he inquired in surprise. "Well, I will see what can spur them on."

He said to the gentle Stella, "Well, little pet, what are you to be in the years to come? Your mother has told me that you write poetry. Will you allow me to read some of your compositions?"

Shyly, and with the color flashing into, and leaving the sensitive face, she brought a roll of manuscript, and placing it in his hands, ran from the room. Uncle John was an intelligent, educated gentleman. He took up the writings with a half sigh for himself, for being in this position, bored by the crude rhymes of a girl seventeen.

He drew a long breath. Settled patiently in his chair. He read the first few lines in a careless manner. It was a dramatization of the Book of Esther. Then he straightened up, and his countenance seemed the embodiment of wonder and pleasure. When it was finished, he sprang to his feet.

"Ambition!" he exclaimed, "It is the grandest conception of character, the height of ambition! Ah! Huldah

you do not know the meaning as your daughter does, of ambition! It breathes in every line. It is the sublimation of poetic thoughts, and will proclaim itself on the house-top." And this he said to her mother.

He went to Elmer on the Sabbath while he was poring over his Bible verses. He drew the boy to his side. Felt his well developed head, looked into his intelligent eyes, and then in his hearty, winning way said:

"And so you like the Bible?"

The boy hesitated.

"I like to do as mamma wishes," Elmer replied slowly.

"Well, it is one of the best of books, and,"—

"The boy had been playing with Uncle John's watch chain. With an eager look he stooped over to examine it. Uncle John stopped. Elmer noticed the silence and said quickly:

"Beg pardon, uncle. But your watch key is so unlike any I ever saw!"

"Yes, it is a patent. It winds any watch."

He held it for the boy's inspection.

"I was thinking of something of the kind when mamma lost her key, and not one in the house would wind her watch."

"Do you often think of such things?" was the inquiry.

"Yes, when I cannot help it."

"What have you made?"

"Not much. I did make the brook turn my wheel, and I made some trip-hammers."

"Put away your book, Elmer, and show them to me."

"Will mamma let me?"

In reply, Uncle John said quietly:

"Niece, Elmer is to take me to the brook to see his handiwork."

Mrs. Palmer was startled.

"To-day, uncle?" she replied deprecatingly.

"Yes, now. We are tired. We want a walk. I will take care of your boy, or he will of me. Come Elmer," he added, holding his hand out to the boy.

What a delighted face looked up to his. What hope, confidence, almost

adoration. To the brook they went. Both boys now. The Uncle's heart grew young as he caught the child's enthusiasm, heard his explanations, and saw the wheel with the young life in it. How the tears welled up when the boy in his simple, unaffected manner, his child-like way, told of the troubles he had overcome, his repeated failures, success, and mamma's censure, and finally being forbidden to go to the brook again. He saw an ambition in the child worthy a man, an ambition that blesses the possessor, and he caressingly clasped the hand of the little fellow on their way to the house.

That evening Huldah heard Uncle John's opinion.

"You do not know the true meaning of ambition. Because one is held in a position by circumstances or environments, is not proof that they are without ambitions. I am confident every man and woman has ambition, aspirations, longings for what they have not attained. They are circumscribed, thwarted, hemmed in by their surroundings, consequently instead of what would have been a renowned character we find the so-called "common place," without ambition. All you could desire in a child you have in Elmer. Allow him to follow his natural tendencies, cultivate the talents so richly bestowed. He is far above the average. Now, Huldah, I would like to know more about Will."

"Oh! You will find Will a gentleman."

"Will! A gentleman! You do not mean that you support him in idleness?"

"No, Uncle, but he is extremely fastidious, and his gentlemanly address is a sesame to the society I wish him to be known in."

"For what is he being prepared?"

"He is in Flood & Co.'s bank."

"Does he like his situation?"

"I do not ask him. He knows my wishes and will remain until he rises to be cashier—even partner, I hope."

Uncle John decided to learn more of this really fine looking young man. The following morning when Will was

about to leave for the bank, Uncle John joined him. Will was embarrassed. It became more evident as they passed up the street. They were some distance from the bank when Will stopped, and after a moment's hesitation said, pointing to a blacksmith's shop across the way:

"Pardon me, Uncle, I have a little business with Mr. Rufus Golden, the smith over yonder. I will overtake you."

"Rufus Golden."

Uncle John read the name on the sign aloud.

"Why he is a friend of mine. I would like once again to clasp his honest hand."

The indecision left Will's face, replaced by glowing satisfaction, as he remarked emphatically:

"And he has an honest heart."

The meeting of these elderly men, who parted boys, the faith written in their countenances, blended with a true appreciation of each other, was a picture worthy the artist's brush. Will's heart received an impression not easily obliterated.

"Yes, John, I have been a success in *my line*," remarked Mr. Golden in answer to a questioning glance. "I need not be here now, did I not prefer to. It is the better part of my life, and this boy," turning to Will, "would be a success also in *this line*, but for his mother's pride."

"Please! please! do not say that!" came huskily from Will. "I mean to be a banker!" Then noticing the big clock on the wall, added: "I see I must hurry or be late."

Uncle John nodded approvingly as he remarked:

"I will remain with my old friend awhile."

From Mr. Golden he learned the true character of the young man.

"Just look here," said Mr. Golden, as he turned and opened the door of a room at the right. "This is my sanctum, and Will's also. That is his apron on the wall. Those are his cuffs, and gloves, and here is the development of his brain! He's a wonderfully clever

lad! I do not think his mother *can* spoil him. Why I owe that boy a thousand dollars. It is on interest for him. I have not told him. He does not need it now, but he will by and by!"

"Did he earn it?"

"Yes, he was here when Captain James came in from his West India voyage, and heard him beg me to try and prevent the rattlings being shaken out of the hooks or rings during storms. He had been in terrible danger through that difficulty. I was studying over it when Will came to my side and suggested a spring would obviate all. Together we perfected the 'mousing hook,' and it has been of inestimable value to tacklings of all kinds. Just think, John! such a genius in a bank! It's a great mistake to bring down to mere dollars and cents the grand powers he can command. He knows it, but—well, I must not put a banker on a level with a blacksmith, and yet, friend, I can buy that bank and have a balance."

A genial, infectious laugh followed. These two read and trusted each other as in years long gone. A confidential talk followed, and when they separated Uncle John had laid plans that he knew would meet with Huldah's strongest opposition. They did, and with tears also, but Huldah, with her pride and ambition, had a true wifely and motherly love.

"Will you assist me to raise the incubus from this family?" was Uncle

John's concise question, and the sobbing reply was: "I will do all I can."

"Then, my dear, in your own pleasant way ask Ralph about his old patents. Show an interest in them. Revive a hope that they may be a success. His brain is eating itself up; destroying itself by indolence. I will remain here and see that he does not ruin himself. Then give Elmer all the time with his father that he can spare from his studies. The companionship will be beneficial to both. Allow Will half a day from the bank to spend with the blacksmith." He saw his niece shrink as from a sudden blow, but continued: "Furnish your servant Jane with suitable books to read. She is ambitious. I seldom meet with one in her position who speaks so correctly. Tell her after her duties are over you will give her interesting reading. Encourage her, and if she does not show her gratitude I will be very much disappointed."

Mrs. Palmer felt the truth; saw the just discriminations in the suggestions, and yielded every point.

Mr. Palmer has broadened out and is bright with hope. Elmer is a rival who bids fair to make a world-renowned fame. Stella is a star among the poets. Will is a gentleman who enjoys a royalty earned with a blacksmith. Jane is improving.

Mrs. Palmer acknowledges that we are very much alike except in opportunities, that ambition is cultivated or warped by environments.



A SUMMER'S DREAM OF MADNESS.

BY LAURA PERRY DAVIE.

IT was early morning, so early indeed that nature had not yet doffed her nightrobe of silvery gray, when Barbara Morse opened the kitchen door and came out into a strange world of hazy mist, of blurred, indefinite outlines, of sweet spicy odors and moist dewy freshness. Down between rows of cabbages and string-beans, looking like pale ghosts of themselves in the uncertain light, under tall stalks of corn which brushed her face with their damp, rustling blades, she passed, holding her skirts back from contact with the dew-laden grass which bordered the walk, until she reached the extreme end of the garden where a long row of raspberry bushes grew against the fence, their prickly branches loaded with rich pinky-red fruit. Barbara pinned up her gown and with her tin pail hung over a plump, brown arm, began rapidly to gather the great luscious berries; but there was in every movement a certain impatient jerkiness which betrayed the fact that she was not in harmony with the calm beauty of the summer morning. Heringham bonnet hung down her back by the strings, revealing a dark little face with softly rounded contour, bright brown eyes and a luxuriant crop of short, curly black hair. A pretty and attractive face truly, but just now its usually sweet expression is marred by an unmistakable scowl.

Although not in the habit of talking to herself, Barbara, in the fullness of her heart, breaks out into an audible growl:

"Summer boarders, indeed! Just as if we hadn't enough to do without running our legs off from morning till night waiting on a lot of people too lazy to pick up their own belongings. I know what they are. I saw 'em last summer over at Newton's. That girl with the yellow hair! She dropped

her handkerchief and never even offered to pick it up. She just looked at the fellow that was with her and said: 'I dropped my handkerchief, Dick; how stupid of me,' and then he says: 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' and picks it up and hands it to her as meek as Moses. I'd like to see Derrick picking up things after me once. I'd just tell him I was neither so old nor so feeble nor so helpless that I couldn't wait on myself."

An exceptionally large, tempting berry finds its way to Barbara's mouth, silencing it for a moment. Then the tirade goes on:

"Here I have to get up before it's half light to pick berries for those two girls that are coming here to-day. That's just the way it'll be all along. They'll eat up all the fruit and cream, and pick all the flowers and switch around in their stylish dresses and make eyes at Derrick, and he'll fall in love with them and——"

It is a sob and not a berry that stops Barbara's utterance at this point. She draws her sleeve lightly across her eyes and continues:

"Derrick's so handsome, too. There wasn't a fellow at Newton's last summer that could hold a candle to him, and he's——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs a hearty, ringing voice just behind, and Barbara nearly drops her pail in consternation as she turns and beholds Derrick himself.

He comes forward and slips an arm around her with the assured air of an accepted lover. He is tall and broad-shouldered, a modern Hercules in build. His face is brown from exposure, but the line above his hat-rim is very fair and his eyes are blue. There is laughter in them just now as he looks down on Barbara.

"Oh, Bab! Bab! you jealous little

thing, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Barbara colors under her dark skin, but makes an attempt at dignity.

"I don't know as I have any more call to be ashamed of myself than you, standing around listening to things that weren't intended for you," she says acidly.

Derrick laughs again. He stands with his hands in his pockets, watching the brown nimble fingers fluttering among the bushes.

"You're afraid I'll fall in love with them," he says with enjoyment, "which, the yellow-haired one who can't pick up her own handkerchief, or the other one?"

"You can fall in love with both of them if you like," says Barbara, airily.

"Just as if I didn't know better! Weren't you even crying at the idea? Oh, I heard you; you can't get around it. My, didn't you look ferocious over it all! But Bab, Bab, don't worry your poor little heart. You are worth a whole meeting-house full of other girls. Nobody could ever take your place with me, dear little Bab."

His voice is very tender, and Barbara looks at him shyly, her bright eyes softened with tears.

"Sure, Derrick?"

"Sure."

The sun comes up and transforms the dew-drops into flashing jewels; there is sunshine, too, in Barbara's face, and she finishes her task quite happily. Derrick goes whistling away to the barn, where his approach is heralded by a wild commotion among the animals.

"Dear Derrick," thought Barbara, "even the cows and chickens love him."

Derrick has breakfasted and gone out to the fields when she returns to the house. Mrs. Fleming is bustling about the kitchen in a pleasant state of excitement.

"I think we better do up some of those," she says, regarding Barbara's spoils approvingly, "Derrick always was a great one for raspberry jam, and some canned ones would come in handy in the winter for pies. I'll sit

down and pick them over while you stir up a cake."

With the canning and the baking and dinner-getting, the morning passed rapidly. Derrick, and Tom, the hired man, came in at noon, eager and hungry. Barbara thought regretfully of the fact that this would be the last quiet meal they would have together for a long time, but she made no remark. Derrick had not forgotten the incident of the morning; his eyes gleamed quizzically as they rested on Barbara.

"Mother," he said at the dinner-table, "those girls that you are expecting to-day are rather nice girls, aren't they?"

"Of course they're nice girls. They were at Newton's last summer while you were East. Mrs. Newton said she'd be glad to have them again, only she'd promised all her rooms before she knew they wanted to come. She said they were as pleasant as could be and made her almost no trouble."

Mrs. Fleming spoke eagerly. Derrick had not entered heartily into her scheme of taking summer boarders and she wished to make the best of what attractions the plan possessed.

"Pretty?" inquired Derrick, with exaggerated interest.

"One of them I believe is considered a beauty. You remember her, Barbara; Miss Nelson, you know, the one with golden hair and blue eyes."

"Golden hair and blue eyes!" raved Derrick, winking at Barbara, "Oh, I shall adore her, I know."

But Barbara only laughed; her jealous fit had quite evaporated, and she was ready to enter into the fun of the thing.

"Suppose she objects to being adored," she suggested, saucily.

"Impossible! How could she when none of the other fellows can hold a candle, etc., etc.," said Derrick, teasingly.

Barbara ran after him to box his ears, but failing in this, she watched his tall figure with conscious pride as he strode around to the side of the house and threw himself upon the

ground underneath the wide-spreading branches of an apple tree, where he was wont to rest for half an hour before returning to his labor in the field.

Barbara went merrily back to the work of putting finishing touches to the preparations made for the expected guests. The two front chambers had been set apart for their use. The floors were covered with brightly striped rag carpets; snowy cheesecloth draped the windows. The big puffy beds were covered with patchwork quilts of the most intricate pattern. One of them, Mrs. Fleming's special pride was an album quilt, and displayed the autographs of all her particular friends. On the top of each of the high dressers, Barbara had placed slender glasses of fragrant clove pinks. The rooms were cool and sweet. Mrs. Fleming went about giving the different articles sundry pats, rearranging this and that until Barbara laughingly told her that nothing could be improved.

"I never took boarders before," said Mrs. Fleming, looking about with a satisfied air, "and I don't rightly know what they expect, but they ought to be comfortable here, at least."

"I should hope so," said Barbara. "They would be hard to please if they didn't like these rooms. Goodness knows we've worked hard enough to make them pleasant."

"After they get here and we get things in running order, it won't be so hard," said Mrs. Fleming, as they went down stairs, "and just think how good the money will come in. Do you know, Barbara, what I've planned to do with it?"

"A new carpet for the parlor?" guessed Barbara.

"No, the carpet will do all right for another year. I am going to give it to you for a wedding present."

"Oh, Aunt Lydia!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fleming, taking down a pan of dough to mould into raised biscuit, "Derrick is as generous as can be and a good provider, but I know what a satisfaction it is for a wife to have a little pin-money, espec-

ially at the start. Fifteen dollars a week, and they won't be likely to stay less than four weeks, that would be—how much—thirty, forty-five, sixty dollars, to put in your pocket when you're married. There, you needn't blush so. You're a good girl, Barbara, and Derrick couldn't have suited me better in the choice of a wife. Your mother was my dearest friend, and I've wished for this ever since she died and put you in my arms."

"It isn't that," cried Barbara, remorsefully, "you're so good to me, and I felt awfully mean about those girls coming here. Oh, dear, I can't forgive myself."

"Why, Barbara, I didn't know but what you were pleased enough at the idea."

"I was afraid that Derrick might like them better than me," confessed Barbara, shamefacedly.

Mrs. Fleming's generosity had opened her heart and the need of confession was strong upon her.

"Barbara!" There were surprise, reproach and a hint of anger in Mrs. Fleming's tone. "Barbara, I thought you knew Derrick better than that."

"So I do," replied Barbara hurriedly, "it was only for a little while. It's all over now."

"I should hope so. Well, never mind. I suppose it's only natural for young folks to be a bit jealous. You better go and print some butter with that little strawberry mould and put it on the ice for supper. I'm glad you had such good luck with your sponge cakes. I guess we can give them a supper that they can at least eat."

Meanwhile, Derrick, lying under the old apple tree, is in a state of blissful half-consciousness. His eyes rove contentedly over the broad, undulating fields of waving grain, yellowing for the harvest and the strip of woodland and the low-lying meadow where his cattle are brouing. He is a fairly well educated, successful farmer and he enjoys his situation in life. Thoughts of Barbara and Miss Nelson float through his brain; he recalls with subdued laughter, Barbara's address to the

raspberry bushes, and wonders abstractly if it would be possible for him ever to care for any one but her. He cannot remember when he first thought of making her his wife; he seemed to have grown up with the idea. The bees hummed drowsily over his head. A gentle breeze brought to him scents from the old-fashioned garden. Their soporific influence was not to be combatted, and in five minutes Mr. Derrick Fleming was fast asleep.

He must have slept much longer than he had intended, as the first thing which he was aware of was that the carriage which Tom had driven to the station, had just stopped at the gate. He jumped up in some confusion and stepped back out of sight, but curiosity prompted him to watch for a glimpse of the newcomers from a point where he could not himself be seen. His mother and Barbara went down to meet them and they walked back together, but of all the group, Derrick saw but one person. He had expected from his mother's description of Miss Nelson, to see a girl of some beauty, but in his wildest dreams he had never conceived of such physical perfection as he now beheld. A blonde of the most dazzling type, possessed of rare perfection of feature, and a grace of carriage that could not be surpassed. She was arrayed in a gown of pale blue, which might have been silk or the cheapest of muslin for all he knew. He only knew that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld, and he thought she looked like an angel. As she approached the door, her lips parted in a smile, and exquisite curving of perfect lips over even and gleaming white teeth. Derrick was as one entranced. He stepped out from his concealment after they had gone, and stood regarding himself with a sudden self-loathing. His blue overalls, his coarse boots, his old straw hat all became objects of the most intense disgust. After all why need he wear such things? He was well enough off. He could afford to dress well and hire others to do his work. What a fool he had been to

make life so hard for himself. He would do so no more. Acting on this impulse, he went in the back door and crept up to his room, where he arrayed himself with the greatest care. He heard his mother and Barbara showing the guests their rooms, and later heard them all go below. He longed to follow, yet something held him back. He dreaded his mother's surprise and Barbara's reproaches, yet he told himself they must get accustomed to the change sooner or later. He would go on in the old way no longer. At supper-time he went down and was introduced to Miss Nelson and Miss Randal. The latter he did not even see. Miss Nelson was gracious and smiled upon him frequently; he was in the seventh heaven of bliss. He followed her out upon the piazza after tea, leaving Tom to do all the chores, much to the latter's surprise and disgust, but Derrick did not care. In fact he thought nothing about it, only to wonder what had come over him and if Miss Nelson were indeed an enchantress. He stood leaning against one of the pillars where he could drink in her beauty to his heart's content. He talked at random, almost, wildly, he feared sometimes, when he called himself up with a sudden halt, but after all, he thought, was it not natural? He was peculiarly susceptible to beauty in woman, and Miss Nelson was the first really beautiful woman he had ever met. By-and-by, Barbara came out, but he paid no heed, only to wish irritably that she would not keep her great black eyes glued so persistently upon him. Quivering moonbeams fell athwart the group, lighting up Miss Nelson's golden hair with a strange, pale radiance. Derrick realized that he was under a spell from which he had neither the power nor desire to break himself. His senses were intoxicated.

From that night Derrick Fleming was a changed being. His farm work was totally neglected and he constituted himself Miss Nelson's shadow. He began effecting white flannel tennis suits in the morning and full dress after dinner. He parted his hair in the mid-

dle and took to using *eau de cologne* with reckless prodigality.

His mother ventured to remonstrate upon one occasion, but he answered her so roughly that she was silenced forever. Barbara said nothing; indeed she kept quite out of his way, and but for occasional stray glimpses of her, he would not have known that she was in the house.

His character seemed to have deteriorated with startling rapidity. There were times when he scarcely recognized himself in his metamorphosed state. The transformation had been as swift and complete as that from the chrysalis into the butterfly, with much less satisfactory results. Metaphysicians might have regarded this rapid moral transition as a curious mental phenomenon; certainly, he was in every respect the complete antithesis of his former self. Miss Nelson alone profited by the change. He was her willing and abject slave, anticipating her wishes and desires with a fidelity that almost hinted of the superhuman, and so completely was he under her subjugation that he looked for no return, content to be allowed to follow and serve her.

But there came a time when he began to chafe under this unnatural bondage; perhaps a glimmering of his old spirit had come upon him, or it might be that under her gracious acceptance of his adoration, a new hope had sprung into being.

They were returning from a long walk in the mystical gloaming. Miss Nelson rested upon the top of a low wall crossed by an old-fashioned stile.

"How lovely everything is to-night!" she said dreamily, "Are those sweet-briers I see among that undergrowth?"

Almost before the words were spoken, Derrick was down on his knees reaching among the prickly briers after the coveted blossoms. As the girl looked down upon him in his eager compliance of her wishes and fancies, something like pity came into her face. She caught the hand which was placing the sprays of wild roses on her lap.

"How big and strong your hands are," she said, patting it almost caressingly, "it seems that you might accomplish almost anything with them."

His heart throbbed almost to suffocation.

"I have no wish but to use them in your service," he said in a low tone. "To toil, to labor for you—that would be happiness. I know I am asking a great deal. You are so beautiful, so lovely, it would be strange if you could care for a great, rough farmer like me, but oh! if you could——"

If she had rejected him then, he would have accepted her decree as just, and bowed in submission to it. He would have ever afterward thought tenderly of her, as one far above him. But she did not reject him.

"Do you want to know what I think of you?" she said, softly. "I think you are the grandest specimen of manhood it has ever been my lot to meet." And she allowed him to kiss her.

Strange that at that supreme moment the first thought of Barbara that had come to him for weeks thrust itself upon him.

"What would Barbara say? Would Barbara care?"

He threw the thought from him impatiently. Why should it come to mar the perfection of his happiness? He went home in a state of mind that bordered on delirium.

When they reached the house Tom had just returned from the village with the mail. There was a letter for Miss Nelson, and as she read it the bright color receded from her face, leaving it like marble.

But when she joined Derrick on the gravel walk outside, there was resolution in every look and tone.

"I have had a summons home," she said quietly, "I must go to-morrow, and I want to thank you for all you have done to make my stay pleasant."

"Going!" cried Derrick, stopping short in the path, "but not for long. I shall soon follow you and bring you back to stay always—always with me, Gertrude."

Miss Nelson figeted uneasily.

"Of course," she said coldly, "when you come to New York my people will be glad to have you call, but I—I shall probably not be there." She hesitated a moment, wishing futilely that Derrick was the millionaire instead of Clarence Gibson. Then she went on steadily: "I am to be married in a few weeks and we intend to travel for several months."

Derrick was silent for a moment. The shock had come so suddenly and with such cruel force as to paralyze all his faculties. Slowly it dawned upon him that he had been deceived—made a fool of to gratify this woman's vanity. He took the hand which laid on his arm and flung it from him fiercely.

"Curse you!" he cried passionately; "You are a fiend! a demon! You don't deserve the name of 'woman.'"

He turned and walked rapidly away. The woman called after him, but he paid no heed.

All night long he tramped about in the darkness, over rough fields of stubble, in the dark and solemn stillness of the wood. The glamour had passed away, leaving only the bitterest regret. Thoroughly exhausted, he at last sat down on a fallen log and watched the opening of a new day. He saw his neglected fields with a sharp pang of remorse; he saw men going to their work with a keen envy. How he longed for a return to his old happy life with his mother and Barbara. Barbara! Ah, would she ever forgive him? Would she ever again lay her little dark head on his shoulder with the loving faith and trust of yore? He did not deserve it, but he would go and throw himself at her feet and implore her pardon.

He crept slowly back to the house in an agony of shame and penitence. In the hall he met Barbara, clad in a gray traveling suit, her trunk locked and strapped beside her.

"Barbara!" he cried, in sudden fear, "Barbara, you are not going away?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I must."

He reached forth his hands tremblingly.

"Barbara," he cried, "don't go.

I've been a poor, weak fool. I know it only too well. I think I have been out of my senses for the past few weeks, but it is over now. Barbara, forgive me and stay."

She turned from him with gentle dignity.

"I could not trust you again," she said.

Miss Nelson came fluttering down the stairs. She smiled mockingly.

"Barbara is going away with me," she said lightly. "She needs a rest and change."

He turned to Barbara passionately.

"Don't go with her," he pleaded.

"Go if you must, but not with her, Barbara, Barbara——"

"Here," cried a gay voice, "if you only knew, Derrick, how perfectly ridiculous you looked clawing the air and screeching, 'Barbara! you'd die a-laughing at yourself!'"

Derrick started and stared about with dazed, unseeing eyes.

"Has she gone?" he asked fearfully.

"Has who gone?"

"That snake, that yellow-haired devil."

Barbara laughed merrily.

"I do believe you've got the jimjams, Derrick."

Derrick gazed about him uncertainly. The dream had been so real in its impression upon him that he found it difficult to believe that it had been a mere idle fancy of the brain. The bees were still humming in the branches of the apple tree above his head, his old straw hat lay by his side; and there stood Barbara in her white gown, rosy and smiling, as pretty as a picture!

"You are not going away, are you Barbara?" he asked weakly.

"Of course not, where should I be going?"

Derrick drew a long breath of relief.

"Oh, Barbara, such a dream as I have had!"

"What was it?" asked Barbara with ready curiosity.

Derrick drew himself up and sat leaning against the trunk of the apple tree. He glanced down complacently

at his rough blue overalls, and broke into irrepressible laughter.

"Imagine, Barbara, just imagine me in a white flannel suit with a sash, a red sash, Barbara!"

Barbara not being in the secret, could not enter fully into the humor of his mood, but she laughed in pure sympathy. "You would look funny," she commented.

"And lolling around in a swallow-tail with one of those white swell shirt-fronts, and patent leathers! Barbara, imagine that foot in patent leathers!"

His mirth had reached an almost uncontrollable pitch. Barbara stared at him.

"What under the sun is the matter with you Derrick?"

"And smelling of hair-oil and bay rum," went on Derrick with gusto, "and making all kinds of a fool of myself, generally, what do you think of that, Barbara?"

"I can't imagine you doing anything of that kind," protested Barbara stoutly.

Derrick pulled her down on the grass beside him. His hilarity had subsided and a great wave of thankfulness swept over him.

"Barbara," he said solemnly, "you can never know how I thank God for you at this moment."

Barbara looked up with glistening eyes. Suddenly she uttered a cry of dismay.

"Oh, Derrick, there they are. Suppose they should see us!"

She sprang to her feet and fled precipitately. Derrick arose to follow, pausing first to watch for a glimpse of the golden-haired angel in witching blue drapery. She appeared not, but in her stead he saw two pleasant but rather plain-looking girls in sailor hats and pink shirt waists, walk briskly up the path.



HALCYON DAYS.

ST. GEORGE BEST.

MY darling, when the Fatal Three have linked again
The threads of destiny that bound our lives before,
I hope to find upon thy well-loved features then
The all-entrancing smile in happier days they wore.

I long to read within thine eyes the love I read
What time our path with garlands and with flowers was strewn,
While burned the stars of heaven auspicious o'er our head,
And waxed and waned in summer skies the variant moon.

I look to see upon thy lip the vermeil dye
That nature's cunning hands alone have skill t' impart;
I long to hear thine olden laugh unplace the sigh
That now methinks wells plaintive from thy burdened heart.

I fain would make thy future years as full of bliss
As hers the far-famed Kaliph loved exceeding well;
The thorns of life I fain would have thy footsteps miss.
And in thy bosom naught but happy memories dwell.

Ye Fatal Sisters of the shear and loom, I pray
That ye will separate her course from mine no more;
I care not how your threads ye tangle if they may
But join our lives as in the halcyon days of yore.



FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK

Edited by Marion Alcott Prentice.

GOWNS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

NEXT to the gratification afforded the fair girl graduate to know that she has won her laurels and is soon to step from the school room into the world, from which she hopes to gain so much—it may be fame, fortune or pleasure—the subject of being becomingly dressed for the final exercises is an all-important one, and cannot be slighted; for much of the pleasure of the girl herself and her friends and parents depends upon the good appearance she will make among her associates. This may be only vanity, and yet, how wonderfully serene and gracious we all feel under its influence, even those who profess to scorn the excitement which women get out of planning a new gown cannot but admit that becoming dressing improves even the plain girl.

Over-dressing should be strictly avoided, but dainty fabrics in keeping with the young girl's age should be selected. Only the finest cotton fabrics should be selected, and as tastefully made up as good judgment can dictate.

Among this class Swiss is the most popular, and the very small, rather heavily embroidered dots the favorite pattern. Fine dimity, organdy, linen lawns and batiste are suitable for graduation gowns.

China and Japanese silks and crapes, French mulle, silk mulle, *mousseline de soie* and last but by far the most popular all-wool and silk and wool crêpon.

Lace and ribbons, fine embroideries and lace and embroidered insertions will serve as appropriate garniture.

The laces most frequently chosen are point applique, Valenciennes, net-top Venice, and Breton.

Ribbons are wonderfully beautiful this season and the Dresden effects most charming, taffeta, and satin ribbons are less expensive and will trim a gown very prettily.

A nice regard to the proper selection of slippers, hose, fan, gloves, etc., will add a charm to the simplest toilette.

Fig. 11 illustrates a gown of Swiss with bodice made of embroidery, and girdle and collar of corn-flower blue ribbon.

Fig 12 is a suitable mode for crêpon, crape, silk, etc. The bodice is plaited at the waist, the neck cut square, and trimmed with lace and a gauging of the material. Bretelles of ribbon, draped band of the same round the waist, made into a bow on either side of the front. Short full sleeves, trimmed with a ruching of ribbon at the elbows.

Fig. 13. Bodice plaited quite full on either side of a V-shaped opening, which is filled in with shirred chiffon; below this is a plaited fichu of silk. Bretelles of striped ribbon, made into a bow on each shoulder. Short draped sleeves. Band of ribbon round the waist. A stylish round yoke blouse is pictured at Fig. 14 made of of crêpon, and covered by a blouse trimming of silk gauze. Draped band collar of velvet, made into a bow at the back. Band to match round the waist. Short sleeves, forming two puffs above the elbows.

A stylish dress for a girl of fourteen

years is depicted at Fig. 15, developed in organdy ribbon and insertion.

For a little maid the dainty frock at Fig. 16, made of white China silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace and

round neck of the bodice is filled in with white chiffon. White Suède mousquetaire gloves should accompany a dress of this description and white glacé kid slippers.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

fancy stitchery done in Asiatic twisted embroidery silk and shoulder bows of chené ribbon is charming.

Fig. 17 illustrates a dainty gown to be made of cream white crépon and trimmed with cream white satin ribbon and sprays of buttercups. The low

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. 1. Visiting toilette. Skirt of crépon, falling in plaits below the waist, and finished with two feathery-looking ornaments of jet. Pouch bod-

ice of silk, with yoke collar formed of jetted lace, with drop ornaments of jet placed round the edge at intervals. Folded band round the waist, and collar the same with loops on each side. Full, puffed sleeves to the elbows, and tight below.

FIG. 2. Toilette of silk. The skirt is plain, and striped with passementerie, from waist to hem. Full bodice, finished below the waist with loops of silk; it is trimmed with a shaped piece of passementerie, which forms collar, shoulder-pieces, and front in one. The waistband is of the same. Full sleeves, with tight cuffs of passementerie.

FIG. 3. Dainty dress, for a child from nine to eleven years of age. Plaited skirt, trimmed round with two rows of lace insertion. Round, full bodice, with square yoke of lace, edged over the shoulders with frills to form epaulettes; between the yoke and these is a band of ribbon finished with a rosette. Full waistband, with bow on ends on the left side. Full collar to match. Balloon sleeves.

FIG. 4. Young ladies' outing costume of green and white striped duck. Bell skirt, and bodice with a plain back and pointed jacket fronts over a deep corselet belt buttoned on one side and full shirt front of fine white lawn. Cape collar round the shoulders, and pointed revers of plain green duck. Ribbon collar with bow in front. Chip hat trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

FIG. 5. Costume, for plain material and brocade. Skirt cut very full and stitched round the hem. The front breadth is laid on with stitching to form two squares each side, on each of which are three simulated buttonholes and large buttons. Pouch bodice of brocade forming a wide box plait down the front; folded waistband, finished on the left side with a full rosette of ribbon. The neck is finished with a lisse collar and a rosette on each side with two wide ends of lisse accordion-plaited. Full sleeves to the elbows, with tight cuffs and a rosette at the elbow.

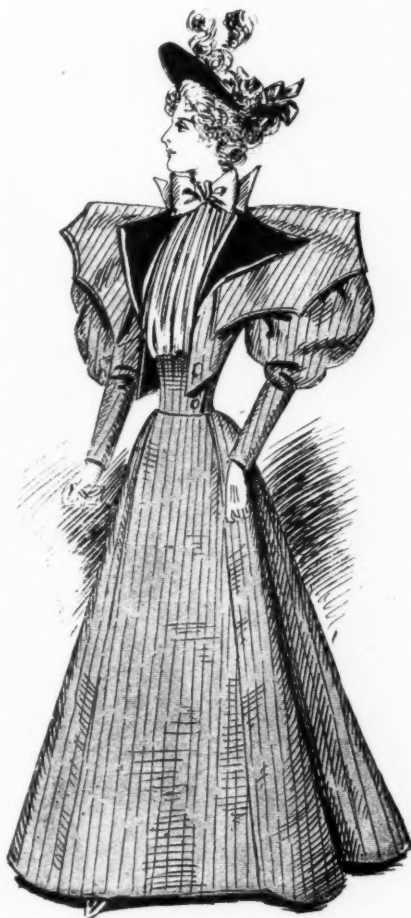


FIG. 4.

FIG. 6. Traveling costume for married lady. Bell skirt of brown granite suiting and open jacket of the same, the basque rather pointed in front. Revers of plain fawn-colored cloth braided with dark brown braid. The cloth extends well inside the jacket and serves as a lining. Box-plaited blouse of fawn cloth with small buttons of metal, and draped collar of brown velvet. Sleeves of the suiting. Straw toque with trimmings of brown velvet and yellow buttercups.

FIG. 7. Toilette for young lady, composed of fancy crêpon or silk. The

skirt is cut very full, and each fold is striped with insertion. Blouse bodice, cut in long points back and front;

bodice shows, covered with lace. Plain waistband. Full collar, with rosette on each side and a flower on the



FIG. 5.

these are edged with narrow trimming, and each is fastened on to the bodice with a button. Under the points the

right. Sleeves puffed to the elbows, and open in points to match bodice. Tight cuffs covered with lace, put on full.

FIG. 8. Bonnet. The foundation is covered with small blue flowers. On either side it is ornamented with a bouillonne of fawn-colored velvet, and in the centre by a black feather aigrette.

FIG. 9. Toque of jet richly trimmed with bouillonne of red satin ribbon, with a feather aigrette on the left side.

FIG. 10. Hat, made in dark yellow fancy straw, trimmed underneath the brim at the back, and on the brim on the right side, with red poppies. On the left side are arranged four black ostrich feathers.

FIG. 18. Matinée with broad collar. This jacket is cut from pale blue cashmere and lined with cambric. The collar is elaborately trimmed with elegant lace and crocheted wheels applied at intervals over the front of the collar, made of white Victoria knitting silk. The edge of the standing collar and sleeves is also trimmed with lace. The jacket would be charmingly developed in scarlet with crochet trimmings of black Victoria knitting silk.

FIG. 19. French petticoat made of white flannel and richly embroidered in white Roman floss.



FIG. 6.

FIG. 20. Infants' short coat of white cashmere, embroidered in white silk. Ribbon bow.

FIG. 21. Paletot, made of white cloth, edged with full ruching of box-plaited white silk.

FIG. 22. White cambric petticoat mounted upon sleeveless, low-necked bodice. Edges finished with narrow embroidery.

FIG. 23. Robe made of nainsook, trimmed with frills of nainsook embroidery.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Ribbon is used for making rabbit-ear bows standing briskly at attention. These are placed with primness to either side of the crown of the hat or bonnet. Than this, no other adornment is needed, particularly if the crown itself be finely worked in jet or embroidery. Worked crowns in gold and silver, colored silk and colored jewels, are still very popular on toques and bonnets, and suit small-headed persons admirably. Such form of decoration is, however, too conspicuous for the unhappy many who are not artistically proportioned of cranium. A big head should be modestly covered without attracting attention to its peculiarities. The great secret of good dressing, as of good conversation, is to avoid all allusion to our infirmities.

Parsols for spring present no prominent novelties, the light frames of sunshades as well as small parsols are still covered with plain and figured silks and not lined, the former varied somewhat by veiling the cover with coarse net of the same or a contrasting color drawn very full. The greatest alterations appear in the handles which are carved and chased in a number of pretty elegant ways, and always trimmed with bows, rosettes, pompons or cords.

Sleeves continue to swell, and I suppose will continue to do so until, like the frog in the fable, they will eventually burst. As it is, bigger and bigger though they grow, they are not so stiff as they were; they fall more gracefully over the arm, and many of them have shoulder bands reaching several inches below the shoulders. Those gathered into the shoulders, however, are more graceful, and also more comfortable to wear.

The sleeves of evening dresses are occupying great attention. Balloons begin to tire our young ladies, and all kinds of attempts are being made to vary them. The slashed, or open sleeve, seems to be gaining ground for



FIG 9.



FIG. 10.

evening. It shows the arm, and this will surely make it popular with all ladies having pretty arms.

It is quite easy to assume an air of 1830 if your gown has it not, by arranging epaulettes on the shoulder, of the same material as the dress, fitting over the sleeves so as to throw the fullness of the latter in a downward and outward direction. Another way is, where a yoke decorates the corsage, to carry the lace, or whatever its material may be, over the tops of the arms, under bretelles of ribbon, but the mode only lends itself to long-waisted figures.

Now that lace is so much used for trimming purposes, and the high price of real hand made point, renders such beyond the reach of any but the wealthy, it is but a natural consequence that first rate, machine-made imitations are continually attaining increased perfection. Indeed there are certain kinds of imitation lace, so nearly resembling the original old patterns, both in design and execution, that only an

experienced eye can detect the difference. Real Irish crochet is, for instance, most accurately copied, then we have equally good imitations of Alençon and Brussels lace, as well as marvellously exact reproductions of old Venetian relief lace. In all these the character of every design, be it floral, or bands connected with lace stitches, are copied to the utmost nicety, and in full keeping with the original. Nor can this commendation be limited to white lace alone, for black lace, which is in equally great demand, is manufactured in every variety from the finest Chantilly, to thick, rich Spanish lace and used for trimming mantles, making epaulettes collars, etc.

The box-plait has positively attained to the dignity of the keynote of the season. Not only is almost every blouse and skirt arranged in this fashion, but the latest sleeves are set into the shoulder-seam in box-plaits. Sometimes the latter, instead of starting from the shoulder, are carried up to



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

the neck—a style which can hardly be considered becoming, but which may commend itself to those who, like the Athenians of old, are ever athirst for novelty.

The ribbons of the moment offer multifarious seductions in form and color. Some are crimped and looped at the edges, some are tartaned, some threaded with tiny fibrils of ore—gold, silver, platina. But, the ribbon *par excellence* is of flowered China silk. This is absolutely the most up-to-date form of trimming for spring hats, but as yet it is not a cheap one. Biscuit silk ribbon sprigged with fainting carnation blossoms, blurred as though they had wept for departed summer, dawn pink with sprawling rosebuds in white and gray—réséda green with opalescent convolvuli clambering in artistic indecision over it—all these charming combinents are to be seen and secured provided an obese purse be ready with the required dollars.

Gros grain ribbons, brocaded in self color are charming for hat and dress trimmings; also those figured in con-

trasting colors. The quaint white and black ribbons are numerous, and the daintiest of shepherd's-checked—only two black threads, each way, indicate the checks which are very light in tone—is prettily associated with clusters of blue velvet forget-me-nots and a spray of fine jet in the make-up of a *chic* bonnet.

Striped ribbon of every description is displayed by the best houses. Some patterns have a gros grain ground striped with satin, varying from one-sixteenth of an inch to one-half inch in width, in self color, while others show a cream, black or delicately tinted surface with stripes of one or several colors.

The Scotch plaid ribbons are exceedingly rich in coloring and are being extensively used upon fine black silk and cloth toilettes, and waists and jackets of plaid velvet. Velvet ribbons are lavishly applied to evening gowns, and can be had in all fashionable colors.

CAPES.

Capes will be the most popular wrap for the summer season, and there is a



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14

vast number of charming modes to select from.

Very full capes are favored by slender women, then there is a slightly rippled cape which appeals to our stout neighbors, and plenty of stylish models made in short and long patterns for all manner of forms. Handsome single and double capes, made of serge cloth, tweed, etc., are made to reach ten or twelve inches below the waist and are chiefly designed for traveling, stormy days and all hard wear.

Short cloth capes are richly braided or trimmed with applique ornaments of the fabric, others are tastefully adorned with ribbon and lace, or jet garniture. For an all round thoroughly practical garment a cape of light tan colored cloth neatly braided will be found very satisfactory. Those of black cloth are often beautifully trimmed with lace, jet and ribbon and reserved for dressy wear.

Black satin and silk capes richly ornamented with jet are assumed by young and middle-aged women. For dressy evening wear a great variety of fancy capes are made of changeable silks, the bottom edge is tastefully trimmed with a very full ruching of box plaited silk of the same or a harmonizing shade. A cape of red and

black silk has a ruching of black satin round the edge, a round yoke richly beaded in jet and a neck ruching of satin and long ties of wide black satin ribbon. Another is in a shade of dull blue and tan silk, and a third in dark green and black with a touch of peach-flower pink in the lining and ribbons.

Some of the new capes are ideally lovely creations, an instance whereof is one in the palest tan cloth, with a border of ivory guipure, and a lining of ivory satin. A black chiffon ruffle encircles the throat, and from its frivolous folds peep pink rosebuds. Flowers as cape trimmings are quite a novelty, and a charming one withal. A black velvet cape with a fringe of jet falling from a yoke opulently powdered with an excellent similitude of diamonds



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

boasts a quite Parisian arrangement of full-blown pink roses at the front and back of the collar. Again, handfuls of purple poppies illuminate a stately mantle of jet-worked net.

HOW TO USE REMNANTS.

There are certain superstitions which most men cherish with regard to women, and amongst them one to which they cling most faithfully is decidedly the mistaken idea that all women love shopping, particularly during sale times, and are inveterate bargain-hunters. As a matter of fact, there are a great number of women who detest buying, and who never made a bargain in their lives, and who would infinitely prefer a long journey by rail in a car full of babies to a shop during sale time; though why sales have won such an unenviable notoriety is more than I understand, for, in reality, a great number of maids and matrons would find the dress allowance puzzle even more difficult to solve than

it is at present, were it not for the extremely liberal manner in which the best shops reduce their goods in price. Surely to an impecunious woman the fact that a blouse length of silk can be bought during certain months for three-fourths the sum which would have been charged for it at any other time is sufficient consolation for the crowded and somewhat uncomfortable state of a usually extremely well-managed establishment. The woman not overburdened with cash, but who knows what she wants, and who will not be flurried or tempted in promiscuous purchases, should have good reason to speak well of the annual sales—and no doubt when she regards with pride, some weeks later, the gowns, blouses and petticoats which have cost so small a sum she will frankly avow that sales are consummations devoutly to be wished for.

Possibly never was there a day when fashion smiled so kindly on the remnant. She permits it to form her



FIG. 17.



FIG. 18.

sleeves, her capes and collars, yea, even her bodices, and truly for this let us be thankful, for the fickle dame is not often wont to encourage economy.

And now let me make a suggestion for the utilization of a piece of silk which is just *not* enough to make a blouse unassisted. The silk which forms the blouse is of *eau de nil* green, with a waving line of black meandering over its surface. This is eked out by half sleeves and collar of black satin, and furthermore by the fashionable wide double plait which overhangs the black satin band, being of the same sable material veiled in lace. On either side are quaintly shaped stoles of satin, edged with a narrow band of green sequin trimming.

Side panels are one of the many happy freaks of fashion that help in the use of remnants; they are always in a contrasting material and generally in a contrasting but lighter color; for instance, with a dress of mulberry, blue, green, or other colored velvet panels of white silk or satin veiled with black jetted net, have a capital appearance, and the bodice can easily be made to correspond.

Jet stars form a capital trimming on

the three box-plaits of fashionable blouses, and long jet fringes hanging from jet appliques on the shoulders, are stylish, and can often be made up of remnants of jet trimmings.

Yet another fashion that will have charms for the possessor of remnants is that of using colored and white striped silk, in rather broad stripes for the sleeves of cloth dresses, and broché in large patterns for the puffed elbow sleeves of dinner gowns and evening dresses. Black and white striped silk is used both with black and colored materials, but it is by no means indispensable that the sleeves should match the dress.

A PRETTY BEDROOM.

The principal bedroom in a house comes first in importance after the reception rooms, and it is quite as interesting from the amateur decorator's point of view, who has here great scope for showing her skill. I choose a scheme of colors which is one of my special favorites for this apartment—reseda, coral pink and gold. It is always well to start with a firm decision concerning the colors to be introduced. As time goes on small accessories of varied tints are bound to find their way



FIG. 19. FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.

in, and unless our harmony of color is simple at first we soon find it a difficult matter to maintain concord amongst our possessions.

To the walls then, as space is too precious to allow of moralizing on artistic effects. The design of the paper is to be of pale reseda-tinted foliage and pink blossoms. For bedrooms, papers with naturalistic flower designs are now very popular. These I much like, and more especially in small rooms. They give a cheerful, summery appearance in the dull autumn and winter months. Art has reached, even in inexpensive wall-paper designs, to so much higher a standard than that tolerated in the early years of the century, that the sprays of flowers decorating our walls are no longer caricatures of nature's beauties of form and color, but artistic representations of the same. The ground of the paper should be of a still paler shade of reseda than the foliage. A frieze of coral pink chrysanthemums, or poppies, or wild roses, on cream ground shading to reseda tints, should be from two to three feet in depth, according to the height of the ceiling, and a wooden beading painted cream should separate it from the wall space. A softly-tinted yellow daisy paper will be best for the ceiling, the cornice, if any, being colored cream. All the woodwork is to be painted cream. On the

floor I should lay a seamless square carpet of golden-brown tints; the surround being of white matting closely patterned with yellow strands. The window curtains and wall drapery, the latter festooned over the bedstead as in the illustration, are of white ground cretonne with design of fruit and flowers in yellow tints and reseda foliage. The yellow design must be rather light in tint; on no account must it border on orange. Large rosettes of the same secure it to the beading below the frieze. Brass hooks can be screwed into the beading, and the rosettes are then caught on to these. This is a much better plan than nailing them to beading or wall, as the drapery can then be unhooked instantly to be shaken, and without any trouble. The wall space behind the bedstead is covered with coral pink sateen, which is run full on to a rod at the top and bottom; the first held by brass hooks attached to the beading, the second by hooks screwed into the top of the base board. This, also, can easily be taken down and shaken. The foot of the bedstead (which is of brass) is lined with fluted pink sateen. A piece of plain sateen is first cut the size of the brass foot of bedstead. On this a length of sateen is arranged in flutes, after the style of the front of an old-fashioned cottage piano, a rosette finishing off the centre. The sateen is then tied to the bedstead with coral pink satin bows. At very slight cost even the cheapest brass bedsteads may



FIG. 22.

FIG. 23.



FIG. 24.

be made decorative in this way. The festoons will take no more cretonne than ordinary bed curtains. To make the wall covering and fluted bedstead foot, sateen at twelve cents a yard can be used, yet the effect will be such that our room will be raised quite out of the commonplace at once. Those not accustomed to home manufactured decorations might well think a large sum, considered from an economical standpoint, must needs be spent on these draperies, but indeed it is not so.

Five dollars would cover the expense, in a small room such as we are considering, for materials (exclusive,

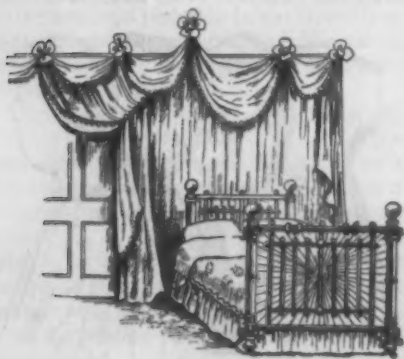


FIG. 25.

perhaps, of the satin bows), but so much depends on the height and length of the walls. For a bedspread I should make a lining with a nine-inch frill of pink sateen, and put over it a loose cover, with frill of cream Madras muslin, tacking this lightly to the lining. They are better made separate, as the muslin will require cleaning oftener than the lining, besides which the materials are so different in texture that when washed in one piece they do not shrink equally. Supposing the housewife prefers embroidering a bedspread, I should suggest that she use coarse white linen, working on it sprays of honeysuckle with Roman floss of creamy yellow and coral pink tints.



FIG. 26.

Reseda ribbons should be embroidered on the linen spread, the long ends of the bows wandering carelessly over the ground between the flowers.

In the sketch I have carried the festoons over the top frame of the door, and arranged a curtain of the cretonne, which is run on a rod that opens with the door. This, of course, can be dispensed with, the festoons being finished as on the opposite side with a falling end just beyond the coral fluted satin on the wall. On the other hand, there are many ladies who have a great objection to seeing much plain woodwork in a room, whilst they admire pretty draperies.

Well, suppose there are two doors in one wall, leading to the passage and dressing-room. If the head of the bedstead is placed against this wall,



FIG. 27.

and the festoons are carried right along over both doors (curtains being hung over each of these), a very pretty, cosy appearance will be the result, which will win for the housewife a rich meed of praise from visitors. A narrow ball fringe is an improvement as an addition to festoons and curtains, or they can be finished at the edge with a narrow frill of the material. The lining of the curtains should be of a pale yellow tint; the festoons, if fringed, will do without lining, provided the cretonne is of fair quality.

The window will be draped with the same cretonne, lined with yellow, and the short curtains attached to the middle sash are to be of cream Madras muslin, tied back with inch-wide pale yellow ribbons. Brass bands are entirely obsolete, much to every housemaid's content, no doubt.

The more inexpensive sorts of furniture for bedrooms are made in prettier, daintier fashion year by year, I think. There is a large choice, and indeed it is difficult to decide between the attractive enameled suites (white or delicate colored) and the more substantial, but none the less attractive, birch, maple, oak and cherry furniture.

Certainly for the room we are now considering, I should choose furniture of dark wood; it will look best with

our scheme. Three small chairs are sufficient, as a comfortable arm-chair and sofa, or ottoman, are almost invariably seen now in bedrooms. But, of course, the amount of furniture must depend on the size of the room.

A chest of drawers may, if convenient, serve as a dressing-table, but it should be an *old* specimen, with pretty brass handles. If there is plenty of space, however, a duchesse table, with drawers, is a most delightful piece of furniture. Draped tables for a time went rather out of fashion, but many people have a partiality for them, and any old table looks well if prettily covered. In the sketch I append the "skirt" drapery is in reseda sateen, the straight band being a bordering of embroidery on white linen, a scroll or ribbon pattern with honeysuckle.

A few good pictures, and choice pieces of creamy white china with decorations in coral, pink and gold, some thrifty growing plants, and a shelf filled with well selected books, will give the finishing touches to this pretty room and make it a home-like resting place for the stranger within thy gates.

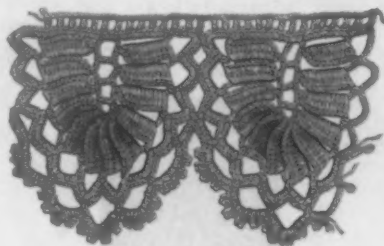


FIG. 28.

SHABBY MIRRORS BEAUTIFIED.

On looking round a house which has been for any length of time the home of a large family, taking stock of the furniture and fitments, noticing things that have been renewed, and comparing them with others which bear evidence of having been some of the original supply with which "the old people" started house-keeping many years ago, one is often struck with the

dilapidated condition of the bedroom looking glasses. Not in the best rooms, very likely, for a new toilet table, with drawers, and beautiful panel glass is such a usual birthday (or



FIG. 29.

silver wedding) gifts for materfamilias, and the spare room is honored with the next handsomest specimens that the house contains. But in the girls' and still more the boys' room, these necessary aids to tidiness, as well as vanity, often look dreadfully mean and old, whilst the poor maids have to put up with things in a far more dilapidated condition.

Now I would like to go into half the houses I know and just work a reform in this respect. To begin with, I would not allow any old swing-glass with scratched or broken veneer and wood-



FIG. 30.

work a place on the dressing-tables. If the light admits of it, I prefer a mirror hung on the wall, as it gives so much more space for the trinket boxes and different toilet accessories. But supposing the room has a dull aspect, or it is inevitable for the mirror to be on the table, a simple pane of glass set upon an easel, which costs something less than two dollars, looks perfectly

charming, whilst an old-fashioned swing-glass, with its mahogany or pine-wood board, is as dowdy as possible. So I would set a carpenter to work, or see if I could not manage myself, and unscrew all the looking-glasses. The useless woodwork should go down to the kitchen fire, and then if the frames were in good condition I would only polish them up, setting the squares of glass on the easels, which should be painted to match whatever wood the glass was framed in, or hang them up, arranging a graceful drapery of art muslin in the manner of sketch. With the glass on the easel there should also be a little drapery, and if the frame of the old transmogrified toilet mirrors happened to be very shabby, I would cover them with plush. To do this neatly requires some care and patience, but the result well repays a little trouble.

CROCHET EDGING.

Begin in the middle of one leaf row with 26 Ch., 1 D. in the 26th Ch., work three times always 3 Ch. and 1 D. in the 16th, 12th, and 8th Ch., 14 Ch., join to middle one of 3 last Ch.—At upper half of Ch.-round 1 S., 1 Ch. and 10 D., work 9 Ch. twice, loop on to middle one of next 3 Ch. and again going back 1 S., 1 Ch. and 10 D. round Ch.—Going further crochet 6 similar leaves and loop to the 6 upper Ch., then 3 leaves more and loop these on as for the first 3 leaves, work 2 Ch. and loop on to the 1st foundation stitch. Scallop row going round leaves: 7 Ch., 1 S. round the Ch., work 10 times al-

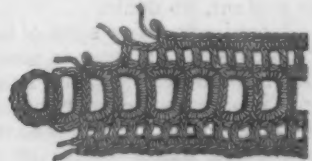
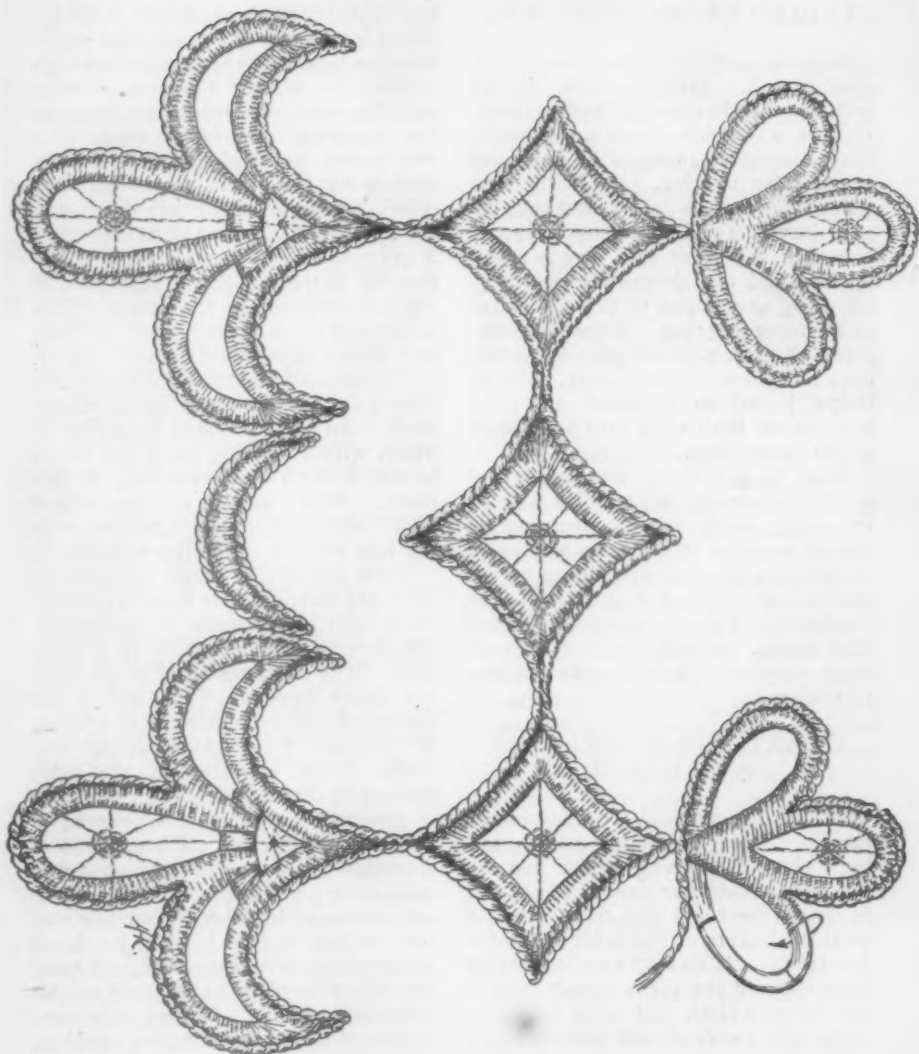


FIG. 31.

ways 6 Ch. and 1 S., 7 Ch. loop on to lower corner, 10 S., 3 S. (middle), 10 S., likewise 10 S. round the 7th Ch., work ten times always round the 6th



BORDER FOR PORTIERE OR TABLE COVER.

Ch. 9 S., at the end 10 S. round 7th Ch.—The remaining shapes are crocheted beginning in the middle like this just completed one, yet are to be looped together in the course of the work after. Two rows are now made in continuation in the length for the picot edge. 1. Row: loop on to the 3d scallop point,* 4 Ch., 1 S. in the middle of the scallop, work five times

always 8 Ch. and 1 S. in the middle of the following scallop, again 4 Ch. and 1 S. in the next and the opposite scallop, then repeat from Star. 2. Row: Work only S. round the Ch. in the scallop depths; round the other Ch.-scallops add 1 picot of 3 Ch. after every 2 S. open-row of D. and Ch. gives lastly foot of edging.

See Fig. 28.

TATTED DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Material required, fine cotton crochet thread. Middle stripe worked with the shuttle thus: 5 Double knots, 1 picot, 2 Double knots and 1 picot times alternately, four after 5 Double knots close to ring, this being then turned downwards and second ring begun leaving 1-4 in between. In the course of the work one ring is tatted upward and one downward and every following one looped to the first picot of the foregoing ring. Trimming composed of three such stripes; two outer ones being worked separately. Middle stripe joined to different rings by working on both sides into the picots of the outer rings.

Stars to put singly on ribbon and giving a charming edge finish for the trimming, made of six rings tatted closely together in the same way as on the stripes; the knots for filling up the middle are worked with a pin. See illustrations Figs. 29 and 30. Twilled lace thread, or better still, whip-cord twist crochet silk will make elegant trimmings.

AN ARTISTIC INTERIOR AT SMALL COST.

In seeking material for refurnishing the old or for decorating the new cottage there is nothing which fills the bill so completely as denim. It comes in shades the tones and tints of which rival the beauty of the most expensive art fabric. Manufacturers seemingly have realized the great possibilities of this durable cloth and have added to their stocks several new weaves which are elaborately designed in geometrical figures, or are Japanese in effect.

A very sensible woman who has been furnishing her inexpensive summer home within the last fortnight, has succeeded in obtaining such good results with a moderate outlay of money that a description of it may be valuable to the busy housewife who has little time for originality. It is to the liberal use of denim she attributed her success.

The floors of the living rooms and

hall are covered in white matting. The dining-room is draped and cushioned in blue and white, with jute rugs in blue and white. Curtains of Swiss with big blue polka-dots are hung at the windows. A couch made of a wire-woven cot and mattress is covered in figured denim in harmonizing colors, and pillows of every dimension are made up in blue and white cretonne. A great wicker chair, stained in imitation of antique oak, is cushioned in the same material as the couch. This is her blue room, and a more inviting and restful place would be hard to find.

The bedroom is done in old rose, the darker side of the denim being uppermost. An iron bedstead enameled in white, with a dressing table and chairs to match form the furnishing of this room. White muslin curtains edged with Valenciennes lace and tied with old-rose ribbons drape the windows.

Upon the smaller parlor the greatest time and thought have been expended. Here light brown denim predominates, the reverse side of which is a deep ecru. The portieres hung at the folding doors have the light side of the denim visible in the parlor and a lining of old-rose gives them weight and makes them conform to the color scheme of the room beyond. A divan of generous proportions is covered in an imitation Bagdad curtain, made of alternating strips of denim in ecru, fold rose, olive green and blue. The seams are concealed by a broad band of ribbon, which is held in place by fancy stitches in coarse wash silk, relieving the otherwise plain appearance of this original covering. Pillows of several shades of denim are piled high upon it, and so genuinely artistic is the result that only a close inspection reveals the identity of the cheap drapery. At the windows plain scrim curtains depend from oak rods. The tables, chairs and smaller belongings of this reception-room are each enameled in ecru or in a tint that harmonizes.

The hall is here the open sesame to the prettily furnished rooms beyond, and has the cheerful aspect only cardinal can impart. The sum total

spent in furnishing the cottage was \$150, all made possible by the liberal use of the poor woman's friend—denim.

CROCHET IMITATION OF MACHINE-MADE DRAWN INSERTION.

1. Row: 12 Ch. closed to a ring, 11 S. round this ring, *6 Ch., join to 5th of 11 S., 11 S., round last ring, repeat from Star. 2. Row: 4 S. round Ch. of each ring standing alone. 3. Row: 1 Half T. separated each time by 1 Ch. in the top of the curve, and 1 D. in the depth of the curve. 4. Row: 2 S. round each Ch. 3 and 4 Row worked with second outer edge of middle rings; if crochet is to be used for an edging, these two rows are left out.

This insertion is quickly and easily made, and if worked of deep ecru or white linen thread is useful in the decoration of toilet table covers, mats, etc., or if done in white or colored Victoria knitting silk will form an elegant garniture for fancy dressing sacks, tea jackets, etc.

Narrow ribbon run into the openings of the insertion of a delicate color will add much to the appearance of this tasteful garniture.

NEW DRAPERY.

The Napoleonic craze has taken one more form and has been the inspiration for the naming of a new drapery designed for spring and summer use. This time the material bears the name of Josephine, and under that title some delightful things are shown. As a matter of fact, the fabric is nothing more than good, honest, serviceable denim woven in a variety of lovely tints and stamped with most excellent designs. Delicious cool-looking greens, dull blues, rich browns, old reds, and, in fact, a whole host of colors can be found, and in them all a variety of patterns. For the price, from forty to sixty cents a yard, hardly anything better can be found, and as in all colors the Josephine drapery retains the durability of the homely denim, they

can be truthfully be said to wear like iron.

One woman, who is always the first to grasp a new thing, has already turned them to effective use. Her couch stands in one corner of her own particular den, and it is entirely fitted out with these new denims, figured and plain. The cover proper is a warm tan color, entirely plain. The pillows show the same color, with a figure of brown dull green, with a white design, and a warm old red that harmonizes with everything else. The result is a decorative delight, and, although it is rather early to discuss the comfort of cool materials, its owner points with pride to the couch which, she says, is in readiness for July's fiercest days, while at the same time it is comfortable now, and will be a cozy corner when chill autumn days come and a fire is a welcome sight.

As a matter of fact, denim is good the whole year round, and now that it has taken this new artistic form it needs only to be reduced somewhat in price to become the general favorite it deserves to be. At its present figure it must come into competition with the really wonderful jute and cotton brocades, and despite its real worth it seems hardly possible it can cost so much more to produce than does the time-honored sort.

BORDER FOR PORTIERE OR TABLE COVER.

M. A. P.

To embroider a large pattern heavy silks should always be selected. The section of design illustrated may either be traced upon the material to be embroidered, and the pattern worked heavily in rope silk and the figures outlined by a thread of Asiatic couching silk couched on, which gives a smooth elegant finish to bold patterns, or paper molds may be obtained, arranged as pictured and the silk worked over them. However, the latter method is only practical when the article is not to be subjected to cleaning by water or steam.

WOMEN OF THE DAY.

ONE little woman is attracting considerable attention in Chicago.

Her name is Jane Adams and she has just been appointed garbage inspector of perhaps the most uncleanly district in the city. It is well to add that though Miss Adams is a small nervous woman physically, she is full of nervous energy, thoroughly acquainted with the locality to which she has been appointed and burning with a desire to be of benefit to its residents. Miss Adams says, knowingly, "Heretofore politics have had too much to do with keeping the city clean, but the people of my ward can depend upon it that I won't let politics interfere with my work."

* *

Miss Braddon, who is known chiefly as a writer of sensational tales, threatens to retire from her field of labor. Thousands of admirers who have for years looked to her to provide them with wholesome amusement and excitement will hear this announcement with real regret. But even they will agree that she has honestly earned the rest she purposes for herself. Fancy, since the great success of Lady "Audley's Secret" in 1862 she has written fifty-three novels—156 volumes of 50,000 words each! She has been cultivating her wonderful facility since she was eight years of age and now she is fifty-six. During this time she has also made herself a brilliant pianist, a fine horse-woman, a first-class housekeeper and an expert with the needle.

* *

The youngest of our deans is probably Emily James Smith, who holds the reins of authority at Barnard College in New York. She is only twenty-nine years of age, was graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1889 and then spent some time at Girton College, Cambridge, Eng. During this, her first year, she has become a great favorite and her admirers say of her that she

can accomplish in six hours what an ordinary woman would require a day and a half to do. Last and best Miss Smith utterly demolishes all preconceived ideas of the college blue stocking—she is attractive, handsome, genial, graceful and always well and fashionably dressed.

* *

It is quite within the possibilities that little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who is not yet fifteen years of age, will some day become a granddaughter of Queen Victoria through a marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh's only son. It is recorded as ominously propitious that during her recent visit to England she was met at the station by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred himself. The young Queen is a nervous delicate girl who has been threatened with consumption, but, as the last of her race, it is nevertheless expedient that she should contract an early marriage.

* *

No greater contrast could be found than that between the bedrooms of two of our best known writers. Mrs. Burton Harrison's is sombre and dignified with the quaint old mahogany furniture in which her great-grandmother delighted. She has the roomy old bed with its tall carved posts, some spindle back chairs, pictures a hundred years old and the great chest of drawers surmounted by a small looking glass. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who is known in the literary world as Julien Gordon, lives in an atmosphere of artistic modern manufacture. Her bed represents a graceful divan carved by hand out of white enameled wood. Her dressing table, the framing of her tall cheval glass and her colonial mantelpiece are all of glistening white wood. A dull light pink pervades the room interspaced with a few choice water colors and some bits of rose-flecked china.

A new departure in the Baptist Church is the formation of an order of Deaconesses on strictly undenominational lines. The candidates after a course of training, which will include everything that may be needed in the places where they are called to minister, are ordained but they take no vows and may marry if they choose or retire from the work at any time. They receive no salary, but will have a home and all their expenses will be paid. Some will be nurses, others teachers, others will go from house to house prepared to give assistance when necessary in household cares and all will wear brown or black dresses, simply made in winter, and in summer gray ones.

* *

Every society woman to-day has her own pet special sport and croquet is 'n't in it. That quiet lady-like game has long ago been relegated to invalids and children. The Coulds and Miss Vanderbilt an Miss Fair head a long list of enthusiastic golf players. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt and Mrs. George Gould are also accomplished equestriennes with as many riding habits as most fashionable maidens have ball dresses. They have afternoon ones and morning ones and some for cool days and some for warm days together with every sort and condition of hat. Mrs John Jacob Astor, one of New York's most versatile society women, is a expert skater quite as graceful on the ice as everywhere else. She can execute fancy steps and Dutch Rolls and figure 8's backwards as well as forwards.

* *

Chinese footbinding is a trade like any other. The most experienced and best known footbinder in California is a woman of over fifty years, named Ming Jung. She makes her headquarters in San Francisco but she travels all over the Pacific coast, manufacturing little feet for the women, giving them that rank and prestige that a woman with a foot moulded and fashioned by nature cannot hope to achieve. Ming Jung is said to be

very rich, which may easily be, since footbinding is an expensive operation. Report to the contrary notwithstanding, the process of binding is said not to be a painful one, on the contrary eye witnesses declare that the babies enjoy it. It is however as art, since just enough blood must be cut off to wither the muscles and retard the growth. If the feet were starved too much they would die completely, mortify, and thus necessitate amputation.

* *

An association has been formed in Elmore, O., to push bloomers into society. Twenty ladies have already broken the chains of custom and expect to stand forth as new women with the delightful right to wear bloomers at pleasure. They will, however, not appear in any such hideous combinations as Mrs. Bloomer offered to her sisters some twenty-five years ago. The Elmore ladies will wear a modified Jenness Miller garb, consisting of gracefully draped knickerbockers, with or without the short-skirted coat, according to individual taste.

* *

Lady Dufferin, whose residence is now at the British Embassy in Paris is known to us all as a great traveler, a writer, a philanthropist and as the wife of one of the greatest of living diplomatists. In her various charitable schemes she is eminently practical and business like. It was she who organized the Dorcas Society at Constantinople for clothing the poor, and she it is who founded the "Association and Fund for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India." To save life and health, however, is not the only aim of the association. The trained doctors and nurses greatly tend to improve and enlighten the occupants of the Zenanas by teaching them the simple rules of hygiene and sanitation. Native women are also trained as nurses and doctors, which opens a pathway to usefulness and happiness for the miserable young widows who have neither homes nor family ties.

AT THE SINGING CONVENTION.

BY HESTER GREY.

IF agreeable, I'd be mighty pleased to see you to the singin' convention to-morrow, Lindy.

"Alright, Jim, I'll be real glad to have your company, I most know Ma's willin' for me to go."

Jim Price stood at the door of the Simms' farmhouse for an awkward five minutes after receiving an answer to his question—the question being asked in precisely the manner in which the first reader pupil asks "Do you see the cat?"

Jim stood on one foot, and as that didn't suit him, tried the other, nervously twirling a willow switch.

With a final effort he jerkily mumbled, "Better be goin' I guess. Good evenin', I'll stop by for you in the mornin' about eight."

Lindy, still blushing at the unusual occurrence, flew to the kitchen to apprise her mother of the wonderful news.

"Oh, Ma! I'm goin' to the singin' Sunday, with a beau! Its Jim Price, and he just come to ask me himself."

My, but he was scared! He's never been with a girl before.

"Yes, and a queer couple of green-ies you'll be," said Mrs. Simms, taking a couple of plump brown pies from the oven. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and very substantial were the shadows of the singing convention to be held at the one church in the Snake Creek neighborhood, the second Sunday in May.

In every farm kithen within a radius of fifteen miles great preparations were being made for this break in the monotony of farm life—this great opportunity to test one's social success and vocal powers, and "show off" to envious neighbors the latest acquisition in the way of ribbons, laces and beaus. On the warm May breezes were wafted rich odors of flesh, fish and fowl in

the various stages of frying, broiling and roasting, and spicy whiffs of gingerbread, rich, juicy dewberry "cobblers," and the greatest favorite of all, the immense chicken pie, for whose successful building half a dozen "spring pullets" suffered and died, and after one taste, you will pronounce it worthy of the sacrifice.

In the Simms' kitchen the last pie had been stowed away on the pantry shelf, and the scene is changed. Lindy is firmly seated in a straight-backed chair, and Mrs. Simms, armed with comb and brush, and a pan of water stands behind the chair, prepared to do battle with Lindy's smooth, brown locks.

Dipping the stiff brush in the water, Mrs. Simms resolutely "slicks" back the straight locks until Lindy's blue eyes resemble those of the heathen Chinese. The damp mass is then plaited in four tiny "pig tails" and then the bangs are coaxed into wads of brown paper and secured with pins. Thus prepared for future glory, Lindy slips away to her room to gaze upon her crowning triumph, a fresh lawn dress with printed roses trimmed most liberally with "Oriental" lace and pink satin ribbon. Surely even that Garner girl can't get a prettier dress, thinks Lindy. To wear such a dress for the first time, have a real beau, and that beau Jim, seemed almost too good to be true.

Lindy hardly slept that night, and arose with the first warning crow of the old Plymouth Rock to anxiously scan the skies. Small encouragement did they give her, for sullen clouds hid the morning stars, and only a dull red glow in the east showed that old Sol still endeavored earnestly to do his whole duty and break away all barriers with his warm persistence.

Eight o'clock found Lindy in all the

splendor of rustling lawn, flying ribbons and "kinky" frizzes, peering anxiously up the road for the cloud of dust which would herald the approach of Becky, the stolid black mule which had long been Jim's most valuable possession, and eight o'clock found Jim stiff and uncomfortable in store clothes, a brilliant necktie and "white wings" collar, urging Becky up the last hill to the Simms' home, a lump in his throat and a flush on his shining face. If he must, he must, he sorrowfully decides, giving a final gulp as he reaches the gate.

Lindy receives him at the door, and they walk silently down the path, casting occasional glances in which each surprises the other and both blush as painfully as though they had been caught stealing chickens. Jim clumsily assists, or rather hinders, Lindy's ascent to the narrow seat of the high buggy, and climbs to her side. Both think desparingly of the long drive of four miles before them, and strive vainly to think of a single remark.

Jim finally breaks the heavy silence with the astounding announcement that it is a "pretty nice day."

"Yes, so it is," assents Lindy.

Both immediately glance upward at the threatening skies and wonder if the recording angel listens to remarks upon the weather.

No further attempt at conversation is made until the church is in sight, and they see gathered around the door a tittering group of young people. Lindy sees them with a sinking heart. They *must* talk now—the girls must not know that she and her first beau have not hugely enjoyed each other's company. Will Jim *never* speak?

No, Jim evidently has no idea of speaking. He drives Becky slowly and solemnly to the door, and leaps out, going around the buggy to assist Lindy in his clumsy, awkward way. The boys and girls around the door are watching the couple with curious eyes, and Lindy determines to make her descent in an easy, graceful manner, as though beaus and buggies were

the ordinary things of her life. Reaching out her hand to Jim, she placed her foot, as she thought, upon the step. Alas for trusting woman. She had placed her trust, as well as her foot, upon the vacant air, and "great was the fall thereof!" A headlong plunge, and she was in Jim's arms, while wild shrieks of laughter arose from the group before the door.

"Did it on purpose, I believe," was the audible remark of Lizzie Garner, as the trembling and suffering Jim proceeded to tie Becky to the nearest sweet gum sapling.

"He will be afraid of her now, an' I don't blame him. Bet he don't dare to offer her his arm," sneered a malicious voice, which Lindy recognized as that of Joe Green, who had once asked to "see her home" from a party, to which proposition her father had objected most decidedly. Already she wished the day over, and she at home, safe from ridicule.

Singing had now begun in the church and a medley of voices, humming, mumbling and shrieking "Where Are the Reapers?" caused the stragglers outside to enter. Jim and Lindy followed the crowd and passed a speechless, miserable three hours, surrounded by those screaming neighbors, their eyes intent upon the leader, who "kept time" by waving his hand in a frantic manner.

The singers at last became aware that the hour was noon, and an adjournment was made for dinner.

Neither Jim nor Lindy felt equal to the occasion, but both determined to do justice to the dinner, if only as evidence of their nonchalance.

In the open air, they soon began to feel easier, and each ventured a remark, but this freedom met an early death. The rude young folks, with whom neither were favorites, being considered "uppity," again grouped near the unhappy couple, and used all the rude freedom of country speech in teasing remarks, addressed to their companions, but plainly directed to Jim and Lindy.

Then came the crowning horror!

Poor Jim, wild with nervous embarrassment, was endeavoring to pass a huge, juicy dewberry "cobbler" to Joe Green, when by an awkward movement the whole was upturned in Lindy's lap, completely submerging the new lawn dress, and dyeing a vivid red her plump brown hands. Jim seemed paralyzed for one awful minute, until the laughter aroused him. Lindy arose quickly, shaking the grey mass from her gown, and wiped her hands upon Jim's handkerchief, which she quietly took from his limp hand. Just at this point, Providence, pitying them, sent relief in the form of a heavy shower, and everyone scampered to the house—all save Jim and Lindy.

"Let's sit in the buggy, Jim. It's so warm in that house, and my dress don't look very pretty, does it?"

"Lindy, I'm sorry I spoiled your dress," said Jim in a heartrending tone, as they got seated in the buggy.

"Oh Jim, don't let them see that you care. Its alright, anybody might have done it.

"Don't you worry one bit. Make them think we are havin' lots of fun. Talk—talk all the time." Lindy stopped with a gasp as she remembered how much she had said—more than she had said all the day before.

"I am havin' fun, Lindy, if it wasn't for that your hands—seems like that red must hurt them. Lindy, lets show them we don't care for their teasin'—show them we've been havin' fun when we go into church. Its goin' to quit rainin' and we'll have to go in. Lindy, wear my ring.

Then they'll know we don't care, and that we've had some fun. We'll go down to the spring and wash your hands, and put on the ring, and you'll wear it to day and—*forever!* Won't, you, Lindy?

"Yes, Jim."

TO A FAIR BUDDHIST.

ST. GEORGE BEST,

At the World's Parliament of Religions, 1893.

LADY accept these lines he dares to send
Who fain would call thee by the name of friend.

May all of joy the years can bring,
Make life for thee one constant spring.

Upon thy brow I would dull care
Might never stamp its image there.

I pray that in thy heart alone
May love unruffled build its throne.

Thy life, when thou art lost to view,
Mayst thou in other spheres renew.

On thee the blessing I invoke,
Of old the Gangean Hermit spoke:

"The peace the vain world knoweth not.
Be sum and substance of thy lot."

Lady, refuse not these he dares to send,
Who fain would call thee by the name of friend.



A MOST elegant bedspread is made from satin sheeting in a shade that is a pinkish cream color. The material is a most beautiful one for decoration and is wrought with a design of roses in the centre, these are large and double, and are beautifully shaded in colors a little darker than the spread itself, a yellowish pink being the general hue, while some of the roses have hearts nearly pink in color. The leaves in dull greens are beautifully shaded. Twisted embroidery silk is used for the outlining of the entire design and this is then filled in with floss or filoselle as one might prefer. The floss makes rapid work possible and the whole effect is lovely beyond the telling. As there is but just the central design the time required is not so very great to one who is used to the needle and art work. Much must depend upon the shading, probably not more than four shades would be required, and many of the leaves are simply filled with fancy stitches, which also facilitates the work, for these are usually more quickly done than the solid Kensington embroidery.

This cover is edged with a handsome crotchet lace made from whip cord twist the same shade as the cover itself.

The same design might be very effectively wrought upon linen in a deep cream color, and this would last practically "forever," as it could be laundered over and over again, and if not lined, it would not be at all difficult to manage.

Very pretty spreads are made from linen, squares, hem-stitched and set together with heavy cream colored lace, the squares are embroidered in simple designs, or elaborate as the

maker desires. One very pretty spread is made from pink and cream linen in even squares, each square is embroidered. The pink ones in blue morning glories, in outline with embroidery silk. The leaves and tendrils are done in dull greens, outlined with heavy silk, while the veining is with a finer silk. The cream colored squares have pink poppies worked upon them, the graceful single flowers, and buds, with a few leaves are only outlined. The same kind of silks being used as for the other work. Black floss is used to make the poppy centres. The squares are set together when the work is completed, and a spread that may be handed down to posterity is the result, and one that will not need to be kept put from sight either, for its colors and materials are durable, and the entire spread will be a handsome piece after years of use.

Unbleached sheeting may also be utilized for making bedspreads, and this may have embroidery to suit the taste. A very handsome one which is designed for a "green" room is wrought with fern fronds in delicate green silks. If the maiden hair ferns were used as a design these might be worked in satin stitch with floss. A central design of bold proportions is chosen and a result that is very handsome ensues. This spread is hem-stitched around the edges, and the material is of a coarse but even quality of wide unbleached sheeting. The edge might be finished with a lace crotcheted from linen thread in cream color if desired.

Big square pillows accompany this spread, and these have covers made from the same material as that employed in the spread. The pillows may be stuffed with excelsior if designed simply to dress the bed in the

day time, and smaller, softer ones be used at night. The pillow slips are embroidered with a smaller fern design, and have ruffles of lace all around them.

CLOVER LUNCHEONS AND STRAWBERRY TEAS.

BY A. A. C.

DURING the winter months the city girl can entertain with more ease and success than her suburban sister.

Cold weather requires sumptuous repasts, and, with the mercury several degrees above or below zero, we are in a condition to appreciate luxurious surroundings and all the comforts of modern ease and elegance.

But from the salutatory of lawn parties—May-day—the country girl reigns supreme.

What dancing hall can equal the emerald turf? What reception room, the airy veranda?

What tapestries can make the background to show off youth and beauty—not to mention dainty toilettes—to compare with the overhanging boughs of flowering fruit trees, the foot-stools of the dainty flowers, and the formality destroyer of the gentle breeze? I have yet to see a girl who did not look better in a hammock than in a ball room, unless she was all art and make-up, or makeshift.

A clover luncheon, or strawberry tea, has this advantage over a floral entertainment; the white and the pink blossom of the former, and the white blossom and red fruit of the latter, together with the green leaves of both, give an opportunity of using the three colors, not afforded by the use of one flower.

For the clover party, the house, porch and lawn, and if after dark, the lanterns may be pink, white and green.

The salads or cold meats can rest upon a cluster of green leaves.

The cakes, iced with pink or white icing, are surrounded by the posies. Souvenirs, or programmes, and invita-

tions are a large clover leaf of cardboard or celluloid.

The bonbonnières are formed of three leaves of one of these materials, with the stems—each with a punch hole through it—laced together with narrow pink or white ribbon.

The lower leaves are fastened together in the same way, the top ones naturally fall together, but may be pulled apart to receive the bonbons, and afterward form a convenient receptacle for fancy work, sewing materials and such small trifles that have a way of disappearing when most wanted. The prizes may be of the graceful shape of the leaf, or blossom, formed into sachets and perfumed with their odor, needle-books or court-plaster cases, or clover emery bags, or pin-cushions, or booklets containing verses done in green or pink points.

These are pointed with a few strokes of the brush and need no master hand. Bunches of the blossoms may be loosely scattered over the table-cloth, or if a bare board is used, the meats must also be of this shape.

They are inexpensive and may be used afterward for many purposes. The fruit dish or large bonbon dish, may be made as follows:

A large leaf is cut of the desired size for the bottom. Numbers of the smaller ones surround the edges, with the stem of each small leaf laced to the outline of the larger one. Then each leaf is tied to its neighbor. The top point standing untouched forming an edge to the dish. These small leaves should be about two or three inches across.

If preferred the bottom may be round or square and is then more easily attached to the sides.

Bands of pink ribbon laid on the table and then carried up to the chandelier, if in-doors, or a hook in the tent or porch over the table, reminds one of the conical pink blossom. The rooms of the house set apart for the laying aside of wraps, may be heavily scented with this blossom's perfume. This idea may be carried out almost in fac simile for a strawberry tea, but

with the pleasant addition of the fragrant berries for the refreshment of the inner man, or woman, as the case may be.

The fashionable way of eating berries, serving them with the caps on, and the consumer dipping them in sugar before eating, may be elegant, but I am old-fashioned enough to prefer having them with stems removed and a plentiful sprinkling of sugar, and a moat of luscious cream (that may stand for the yellow in the heart of the bloom). My spoon may be the draw-bridge, and I warrant it works successfully.

A few quotations above the doorways, or upon the mantles, such as this from Willis's poems:

"There is to me
A daintiness about those early flowers,
That touches me like poetry."

And this from Anacreon:

"All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping
Little infant fruits we see.
Nursing into luxury."

A *fête champêtre* need not be expensive, but requires a little thought and ingenuity to make it a success, affords a wide range for originality, and will always be remembered as a thing apart, not one of many, distinguished only by the date, as are so many winter parties.

When you go to such a tea, then please *Pensez à Moi!*

BLACK DRESSÈS.

BY "MARY."

NO matter how many dresses a lady may have, nor how handsome they are, her wardrobe is not complete without a black one, be it silk, cashmere, Henrietta, serge or any other material. Nothing is so lady-like in appearance, nor so universally becoming, and as a rule it will be

worn twice as much as a dress of any other color. If you have chosen the goods with an eye to their intrinsic value, it can be renovated and made over two or three times and will look well as long as it lasts.

If you have a black silk dress that you wish to make over, take it apart carefully, pick out all the threads, and brush each piece. To one quart of soft water, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, then lay a piece of the silk on a table that is clean and free from varnish. Dip a clean cloth in the water and sponge it, being careful to keep it smooth. As fast as the water gets dirty, get fresh water and repeat the sponging until it is all clean. Rinse in clear water, and wipe as dry as possible with a cloth; iron on the wrong side, placing a piece of black cambric over it and ironing until perfectly dry. Then lay the pieces away without folding. Spots of grease disappear from silk if covered with dry magnesia or French chalk. Let it stand all night and shake off in the morning. If the spots have not entirely disappeared, cover with magnesia again and let it stand a few hours longer. All grease spots should be treated in this way before the silk is sponged. Black woolen goods can be cleaned by washing in a suds made by boiling soap bark chips in soft water, and rinsing in clear water; hang out on the line until almost dry, then iron. Silk or woolen goods of any color may be dyed a beautiful black with diamond dyes and handsome dresses made of them. If there is not enough of one color for a dress two or more can be used in this way, for after they are dyed, they will be the same shade.

Shabby black velvet is easily renovated by the following process: Add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to half a pint of hot water and apply to the velvet with a stiff brush, rubbing it into the pile so as to take out all stains and creases; then hold the velvet over a hot iron until the steam raises the pile, and it is perfectly dry.



READERS will please notice that this magazine is sent to subscribers until ordered stopped. This has been the policy of former publishers for years and followed at the request of many readers who prefer to pay for the magazine at their convenience. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearages must be paid. Returning your magazine will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless this is done.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—We have on hand a few copies of this beautiful book which the publishers originally sold at \$1.00 per copy. The contents are well selected poems with handsome illustrations printed on heavy paper, gilt edge, handsomely bound in cloth with embossed side stamp in gold. The supply is limited to less than one hundred copies, but we will close them out at 50 cents per copy, by mail, post paid, or give one copy as a premium to any one who will send us two new subscribers at \$1.00 each.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.—European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—We believe that all the advertisements in this magazine are from reliable business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable people. If subscribers find any of them otherwise, we should be glad to be advised of it.

SEND your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, and get, *free from all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

NEWSDEALERS throughout the country take subscriptions for this publication. If you are an occasional buyer of the magazine, but prefer to have it sent regularly to your address by mail, send your subscription direct to us or hand it to your newsdealer, as you prefer.

A VALUABLE WORK—Our readers are requested to note the advertisement of the Worlds Dispensary association of Buffalo, N. Y., on the second cover page of this issue. For the coupon attached to the advertisement and a small sum in stamps to pay postage, the association will send to each reader of this magazine a valuable medical work, which will be an addition to any household library.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.—The publishers of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE have steadily pursued the policy worked out over a year ago when we first came into control of the publication. We promised improvements from time to time and have made them nearly every month. Beginning with the July issue some changes will be made which will be radical, but we believe, wholly in harmony with the tendency of the age. We prefer to let the coming issue speak for itself and when it reaches our readers we will be glad if each and every one of them would send us a line on a postal card stating whether the changes please you or not.

NO ONE KNOWS BETTER
THAN THE
NURSE



Mrs. A. F. Taylor

"About two years ago, I nursed a lady who finally died from blood-poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her; for shortly after her death, I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood-medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last, I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers healed, the skin became sound and natural, and my health was better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—A. F. TAYLOR, Englevalle, N. Dak.

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For Indigestion & Constipation.

MEDAL
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THE PERILS OF MINCE PIE.

That is a wild story from Jeffersonville about the narrow escape several people had who ate mince-pie in which there was glass. Who believes that a little thing like crushed glass could add to the mysteries and perils of mince-pie?

A MODEL STEPMOTHER.

First Boy—I feel sorry for Bobby Blinkers; he's got a stepmother.

Second Boy—Is she strict?

First Boy—Awful! She makes him wear rubbers every time it rains.

AFTER HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Old Blondy—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What's your salary? Perkins (after a long thought)—Well try me for three months and if I'm not satisfactory you need't pay me anything.

WHAT AN EDITOR IS.

Some boys were asked the other day to define "editor." Here are some of their definitions: "An editor is a man who handles words;" "An editor makes his living out of the English language;" "An editor is somebody who does not do anything himself, and when somebody else does, goes and tells other people all about it;" "An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee, and the patience of an ass."

HE GOT HER.

Bob was paying attention to a rich widow. "Madam," he said, as he offered her a bouquet, "you are getting more and more beautiful every day." "You exaggerate, my dear sir!" exclaimed the lady, very much flattered. "Well, then, let us say every other day," said Bob.

QUITE NECESSARY.

"Excuse me," said the summer girl languidly, to her fiancé, "but may I ask you a question?" "Certainly," said the devoted lover, tightening his grasp on her slender waist. "Well, would you mind telling me your name?"

A DIPLOMA.

Mrs. Meekton was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home.

"Henry," she said, in a loud tone, "there's your income-tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away!"

"Great scot, Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I want with an income-tax blank?"

"Don't talk so loud," was the admonition, in a subdued but stern key; "it's a summons to serve on the jury. The next-door neighbors on both sides of us have been sitting behind the closed window blinds waiting for you to come home so that they could find out what the officer was here for."

FOLLOWING THE RULE.

A teacher in one of the lower grades of a city school was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the fact that a plural subject takes a verb in the plural.

"Remember this," she said; "girls are, boys are; a girl is, a boy is. Now, do you understand it?"

Every hand in the room was raised in assent.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "who can give me a sentence with girls—plural, remember?"

This time only one hand was raised, and that belonged to a pretty little miss. "Please, ma'am," she said, with all the assurance of a primitive reasoning, "I can give a sentence: 'Girls, are my hat on straight?'"

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

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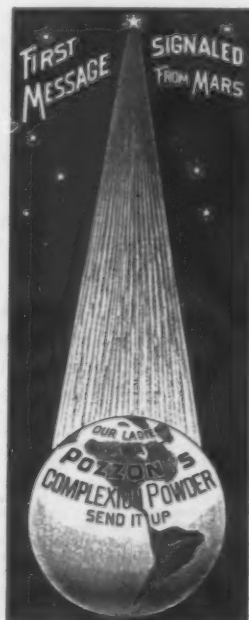
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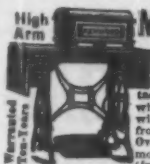
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